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BARDEN, THE RANGER;

OR,

THE FLOWER OF THE UCHEES.

A TALE OF GEORGIA IN EARLY TIMES.

BY W. J. HAMILTON,

AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING DIME NOVELS.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|
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| 374 THE LAKE RANGERS. | 424 MOUNT IN GID, FREE RANGER. |
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BARDEN, THE RANGER.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE RIVER.

A MAN stood alone by the side of a southern river, looking out upon the placid surface. The river was the Savannah, in the country of the Uchees. The man was an odd character, if we may judge from personal appearance. He had light flaxen hair, a nose decidedly *retroussé*, and a face which was one enormous freck. His eye redeemed the otherwise irretrievable homeliness of his face. It was full of sharpness, and told that he was no ordinary man. He was armed heavily, carrying a long Spanish gun of the most approved pattern, beside the knife and hatchet in his belt. He appeared to be waiting for some one, for his canoe was drawn up at his feet, and the paddle lay idly beside it. All at once a clear voice, true in its tone as a bugle, sounded from the opposite bank of the stream. The hitherto impassable man changed in manner at once; he sprung to his feet, an active and vigilant ranger. Answering the call, he loosed his canoe and paddled to the other side. As the canoe touched the shore, a person came out to meet him. It was an Indian girl of the Uchee nation; a beautiful girl, with long black hair sweeping about her form like a mantle. On her head was a coronet of beads, which glittered in the sun-rays. About her slender waist was another belt of wampum, which sustained, not arms, but a little basket of stained wood and porcupine quills. She carried at her back a long bow and a quiver of arrows; and around her neck was a chain of gold, to which was appended a little golden imitation of the Holy Bible, a strange ornament for an Indian woman. Her dark eyes, full of tender light, her graceful movements, all combined to make her remarkably attractive. The man from the other shore landed hastily and came to meet her. She smiled, showing her white teeth, and extended her hand with a word of welcome.

"Barden is welcome to the Uchee country," she said. "He is the friend of the Uchee, though he is hated by the great Yemassee. He has kept his word with the Indian girl."

"Trust Andy Barden for that," said the man, laughing. "As for the Yemassee, they are the friends of the Spaniard, for all they say to the contrary. I will show James Oglethorpe and Charles Craven that they do not well to trust the subtle words of the great chief, the Well Beloved. His heart is big with thoughts of clearing the land of the English, and he is even now looking for the coming of the Spaniard. I know it."

"Barden is right," said the Indian girl softly, coming nearer. "Listen. A bird sings in the land of the Uchees, whose tongue is black. He has come from Augustine, and will do harm to the Yengees, who are loved well of the Uchees. Look well to the Spaniard Costello, when you meet him in the woods."

"I have heard of him," said Barden. "He is, indeed, a snake in the grass. But, tell me, Wood Lily, for I will call you by the name you have gained from the English, how long has Costello been in the lodges of the Uchees?"

"Five suns," replied Wood Lily. "But call me by the name of my father, the war chief. I am Anote, the daughter of the chief, Echotee."

"It is well," said Barden. "But a Yengee has sung in my ears a tale which I will not tell here, for it would bring a blush to the cheek of Anote. They call him Richard Musgrove."

A flush at once stole into the cheek of the Indian girl, at the sight of which the Ranger laughed slyly.

"I knew it," said he. "He is a good lad, is Richard Musgrove. You can trust him. As for me, I have promised to speak a good word for him when I meet you. He worships the soil which is pressed by the feet of Anote."

The blush deepened and became a tender smile, as she took a small ivory tablet from her bosom, and made some hieroglyphics on it with a piece of bullet. "Take this to Richard Musgrove," said she, "and tell him that Anote has not forgotten that she broke a stick with him by the side of the running

stream.* Tell him that her love will never grow cold, and when he calls her, she will be ready to come."

Barden leaped lightly from the earth and clapped his hands. "I told him so," he shouted. "I told him that you would be true to him as steel. But, he is a lover, and not to be blamed if he was a little doubtful. Ha! look out!"

With this sudden exclamation, Barden suddenly dropped to the earth, dragging the girl with him, just in time to escape a long arrow which whistled over the spot where they had stood, on a line with the Ranger's body. But hardly had it passed when he was on his feet, and sprung toward a close thicket, not ten feet from them. So sudden was his onset, that he closed with an Indian lying in ambush, and seized him in the act of fitting a second arrow to the string. It was the rattle of the first shaft as it was drawn from its quiver, which had attracted his attention and enabled him to escape death. The Indian was a young fellow, apparently not more than twenty-three or four years of age, with a sharp, cunning face. Anote uttered a cry of surprise, as she saw who it was.

"Occoonee!" she said. "Why are you here? Does a warrior of the Uchees follow one who has plainly told him that she does not care for him? Turn back, oh warrior, and follow me no more."

"Occoonee is not a dog," replied the young warrior, smiting his breast, and drawing up his form proudly. "He is a warrior! He has been upon the war-path, and has taken scalps. Why is he not good enough for the daughter of a chief? Is not his father a chief, and will he not be one before many moons? Let Anote turn back with me, and come into my lodge."

"Why should a warrior be a fool?" said Anote, beginning to be angry. "He can not hope that Anote can come into his lodge. Why did you try to take the life of my white brother?"

"Yes, why?" demanded Barden, giving him a shake, for he still held him by the collar. "Speak, you born imp, and tell me why I should not shake the life out of your copper carcass."

The Indian struggled to break loose, but the buckskin was

* The betrothal ceremony among the southern Indians.

rough and the grasp of the hunter like iron. Seeing the uselessness of resistance, he became quiet and sullen.

"Speak, Occoonnee," demanded the girl. "Tell me why you sought the life of Barden, the friend of the Uchee nation. Are the men of our tribe so blind that they can not see a friend in the day-time?"

"The Yengees are *not* the friends of the Uchees," replied the Indian, "and Barden is worst of all; he is the son of a dog. Let him not lay a finger in anger upon a Uchee."

"You impudent scoundrel!" shouted the ranger, giving him another shake. "You dog! I have half a mind to drop you into the river flowing at our feet, with a pistol-hole in your hide. You would be found by the tribes down the river, and your scalp would hang in a lodge, and some boy would say that he had taken it. How would your scalp look in the lodge of a Yemassee?"

"Are not the Yemassees our friends?" said the Indian; "and are not the Yengees our enemies? Go! you dare not lay a finger in anger on a Uchee."

"What shall I do with this rascal?" said the ranger, turning to Anote. "He is not fit to live, and I do not care to kill him."

"Let him go free."

"He will follow you and do you an injury."

"I fear him not," said Anote.

"But I will not trust him," said Barden. "He has the eye of a snake and the heart of a wolf, and if he is allowed to go free he will do some one an injury. Speak, Indian. You have sought my life; why should I not take yours now?"

"Because I am the son of a chief," replied the Indian. "If I sought your life, it was because you are a friend to the man who has stolen the heart of a maid of the Uchees, and whose blood shall yet stain my hatchet red. I have a sharp knife, and it shall be made dull in the heart of Musgrove."

Anote started at the mention of the name, for she had not thought that the savage understood what they were to each other. He saw her confusion, and a look of triumphant malice passed over his face. He hated Richard Musgrove, for he knew that he was loved by the young girl.

"Shut up!" quoth Barden, shaking him again, "or I will

put it out of your power to speak more. If I set you free will you go on your way, and promise not to harm Anote?"

"Occoonee will never harm the flower of the Uchees," he answered, laying his hand upon his breast impressively. "She can walk the woods without fear of him; but Barden is his enemy, and he will follow him."

"You drive me past patience," shouted Barden. He seized the Indian and bound him to a tree, and then led the girl aside.

"What were you going to give me for Musgrove?" he asked.

"Take the talking-bone," she said, handing to him the ivory tablet she had prepared. "He will know what it means. It will tell him that Anote has not changed, and loves him still, but that the hour has not yet arrived when he can come to her. There will be blood and death in the land soon, for the great chiefs are even now speaking with the Spaniards."

Bidding him farewell, she was about to return home when her eye fell upon the savage bound to the tree. She asked Barden what he intended to do with him.

"Never mind, my dear," he replied, beginning to unbuckle his belt. "I mean to give him a lesson. Go on your way, and good luck go with you."

"Do you mean to beat him?"

"I don't mean any thing else. He shall know the touch of my leather. It is his own fault. He don't know how to rein his infernal tongue."

"You must *not* beat him," said the girl, laying her hand upon his arm. "Remember that he is of the Uchees, and every blow you strike will be an insult to the tribe. Let him go free. He has a long tongue, but it harms no one. You have said often you would do much for Anote. Do this for her."

Barden replaced his belt reluctantly, and turned away from the bound Indian.

"I can't refuse you any thing, Anote," he said; "but it goes against the grain to allow this fellow to escape. By my faith, I had set my heart upon giving him a sound beating. But have your way; and, when I have touched the other shore, you may set him free. But, if you think you are in any

langer from him, I would sooner knock him on the head than leave you with him alive. What do you say?"

"He has given his word, and will not do me any wrong," said Anote. "I will set him free. Go in peace."

The ranger pushed from the shore, and in a moment was shooting across the current in an oblique direction, which would bring him to the other bank a quarter of a mile further down the stream. The moment he was beyond reach, Anote set the captive free. He did not attempt to follow his enemy, but shook an angry hand after his retreating figure, with an expression of countenance which boded no good to the ranger, if they should meet again. Anote knew the character of the young warrior. He was crafty, treacherous and cruel in the highest degree, and, once having been made angry, he never forgot until his injury, whether real or fancied, was wiped out in blood.

"Why do you look so earnestly after Barden?" asked the girl. "You do not hate him for what he has done. Remember that he has set you free when he might have beaten you."

"What does it matter that the leather was not laid upon my flesh?" replied the savage. "You do not well to talk thus, daughter of the Uchees. This man is my enemy; when we meet, one or the other will fall; and I shall not die by his hand."

"The man who has a long tongue knows well how to use it," said Anote. "You dare not meet him in battle."

"Occoonee is not a fool. The white man has the strength of the spirit of evil. No, I will not meet him; but craft shall do what strength can not, and he shall die. What is the daughter of the Uchees doing so far from her home?"

"Anote roams through the forest where she will," replied the Indian girl. "What chief or warrior of the tribe of the Uchees will touch her? She is safe."

"Shall not Occoonee go with the flower of the Uchees, and see her safe to her home?"

"No," replied Anote. "You are an enemy to my friends, you are also an enemy to me."

"Occoonee can never be an enemy to Anote," he said, humbly.

"Then do not hate my friends," was her answer, accompanied by a graceful turn of her body away from him.

"Listen," said the Indian, coming nearer, and his bad face softening a little under the influence of the tender passion. "It is not well that we should be at enmity. The time is coming when the white men shall dwell no more in the land of the Uchees and the Yemassee. Our great father at St. Augustine has sent us a belt by the hand of his captain, and we will join him in sweeping the Yengees from the land. And when it is done, we will once more hunt the deer by the side of the pleasant streams. Then why should you care for a man who can never take you into his lodge? Musgrove is no longer the friend of the Uchees. We will hate the Yengees and slay them."

"A bad spirit has put it into your heart to say this," cried Anote angrily. "The Yengees are our friends, and we have nothing to say to the murderers of the Seminoles. When our friends first came, the chiefs made them welcome. They must be welcome still, for they have taken the land to dwell in."

"They may no longer possess the land of the Yemassee nation," replied the savage, tossing his brown hand in the air. "We should be the children of dogs if we let them tread upon the graves of our fathers. A voice calls to me from the graves by the river. It says, 'Rise and strike; strike and spare not! Avenge us, for we have been trampled on by these Yengees.'"

"I will not talk with you longer," cried Anote, "for you have been bought by the belts of the Spaniards. If the English were as cruel as you say they are, they could not be as cruel as the *Spaniards*."

With these words, the girl bounded into the bushes, leaving the Indian standing by the river-bank. Hardly was she out of sight when he gave a loud signal-yell, which was answered by a blast from a bugle. Ten minutes after, a young Spaniard came out of the woods and joined the savage upon the bank of the stream. He was a tall young fellow, in a green hunting-suit, richer than the ordinary clothing of the day. He was a little inclined to be a coxcomb in his dress, which was cut in the light of the then prevailing *mode*, though intended only for field service.

He had an elegantly mounted sword by his side and a silver bugle hung by a crimson cord about his neck. A silver-mounted stiletto showed itself in the bosom of his hunting-shirt, and a pair of pistols occupied places in his belt just over his thighs. His style was jaunty and self-possessed. As for his face, it had all the characteristics of high blood, together with the cruel and intolerant expression which was an attribute of the Spanish grandee. He spoke in a sharp, quick tone of command, as if he was accustomed to demand and exact obedience. This was Manuel Costello, the trusted agent of the Spanish authorities at St. Augustine, a man both hated and feared. He was known to all the tribes within the territory from St. Augustine to New Orleans on the west, and to the Edisto river on the north. A plausible, oily-tongued man, he knew how to turn to account the peculiar foibles and prejudices of the tribes, and had acquired an influence over them second to that of no man of these times except perhaps Oglethorpe himself. He ranged the country at all seasons, and was even now employed in stirring up the Indians to sedition. This resulted ultimately in the outbreak which preceded the destruction of the great Yemassee Nation by Charles Craven, then governor of South Carolina, against whom the efforts of the Indians were directed. But at the moment now under consideration, he found the state of the nations such that he could not press his plans, although he knew that the propitious moment was near at hand. He contented himself with remaining in the Indian country and dwelling on the merits of his sovereign.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMPACT.

"You are here in time," said the Spaniard, leaning lightly on his sword-scabbard, which he had thrown forward for the purpose. "I am glad you have not detained me; do not waste time, but tell me at once what you have seen."

"I have seen what I do not like to speak of," replied the

savage moodily. "I have seen a child of the head chief of the Uchees sending tokens to one who is not of her blood."

"What do you mean?"

"You have seen the flower of the Uchees?" said the other, in a tone of inquiry. "Of course you know her, for who could dwell for a moon in our lodges and not hear her praises sounded by the young men whose eyes delight in her beauty?"

"Do you mean Anote?"

"Yes; she whom the English call the Wood Lily."

"I know her, and tried to find her in the village before I came, but she had gone away. Where did you see her?"

"Here," said the Indian, sententiously.

"What was she doing?"

"She was listening to the lying words of the man who is called by the tribes the friend of the Uchees."

"Barden?"

"Ugh!"

"Now by St. Mary and the Apostles," cried the Spaniard, "I would have given much if I could have met that lying knave. He does great harm to our cause in his wandering life; I would like to know that some friendly hand had laid him under the sod. If we meet, we will have a long account to settle. I owe the failure of some of my best plans to the efforts he has made. There would be little ceremony between us, I warrant. A pair of pistols; back to back, walk ten paces; wheel and fire! I will meet him yet."

The Indian was young, or he would not have allowed his malice to overcome him. In a transport of rage he stripped the sleeve from his wrist and showed where the bonds of the ranger had eaten into the flesh.

"You have wrongs!" he cried, "and so have I. Hate! you know nothing of it; if you had been wronged as I have; if you had bonds to avenge, then you might talk of *vengeance*. He is mine; no other hand shall slay him."

"Have your will," said Costello, with a light laugh. "Why did you not bury a long arrow to the feather, in his ribs, as he stood talking with the girl? By my patron saint, had I been here, I would have sent him a messenger which would have put it out of his power to thwart my plans, for ever; but have you come prepared to join me in my enterprise?"

"She is indeed dear to the heart of Echotee," said the chief. "Why do you speak of her? She is safe in the village."

"When Anote marries," said Occoonce, speaking for the first time, "where would the chief wish her choice to fall? Shall she marry an Indian, or shall she marry one of the accursed Yengees, who dwell at Yamacraw?"

"You speak like one who is a fool," cried the chief. "A daughter of Echotee *can not* marry one who is not of her blood."

"She loves one who is not," said the young Indian, with a jealous laugh. "Here I saw her sending tokens to one whom you have warmed and feasted in your lodge, the man who was called by the tribes, the Heavy Hand."

"Richard Musgrove?"

"Ay," said Costello. "Occoonce saw her here, talking with the ranger Barden, the worst of his race. It would give me pleasure to thrust my blade to the hilt in that villain's body."

"My father met three white men at the Bluff," said Echotee, sadly, "and welcomed them to our soil. They were few; we were many. We gave them a place to make a village, and we hoped that they would dwell there, and not try to mix with our people. We gave them what we had, for we were poor; but we gave freely such things as we possessed. My father gave to the great chief the skin of a buffalo, painted within with a flying eagle. We said, it was soft, and signified love; it was warm, and signified protection. We knew that one day they would be very strong, and we hoped that they would be friends with us. Who saw my daughter here?"

"Occoonce."

"Then they have tried to steal away her heart from my people. The time has come when we can no longer be friends with the Yengees. What do you wish me to do, Silver Knife? Why did you come here from our father at St. Augustine?"

"The chiefs of the nation have banded together, and only wait to hear the voice of Echotee. Will you give it? When it comes, we will sweep the English from the face of the earth," said Costello, eagerly.

"My word is given, the English are no longer my friends, since they have sought to make me lose my flower. When you meet the chiefs in council, say that Echotee is with them, and will fight for the honor of the Uchees."

He drew his blanket over his head, and strode away, leaving them standing on the verge of the stream.

"Follow him," cried Costello, "the poison has done its work!"

With these words the two followed fast on the trail of the chief.

CHAPTER III.

THE MUSGROVES.

ON the northern bank of the Savannah, in the Yemassee country, a settler had built a cabin. He was called Ralph Musgrove, and had come of good family in England, but, like many another younger brother, determined to carve out a fortune for himself in a new country. He had two children, Richard and Katie. The first of the two, born upon the soil of old England, but reared in the forests of Carolina, was a fine man of twenty-five, with the courage of a lion and the beauty of Apollo. A woodman by nature, he had early taken the fancy of Charles Craven and Oglethorpe, and had been by them put upon service of difficulty and danger. His sister Katie was small in stature, but an alluring little beauty for all that, as the numerous visits which were paid to the cabin by gallants from Port Royal and Frederika fully testified. The two came out of the cabin, about three days after the interview between Barden and the girl on the river strolled out into an open meadow, and sat down under the willows. The brother and sister loved each other dearly, and were hardly ever separated, except at times when the young man was forced to go upon business for the colony into the Indian nation. On the present occasion he was equipped for travel, and heavily armed. Sitting hand in hand, looking out upon the pleasant river, they talked of coming events.

"And so you must go," said Katie, pressing her brother's hand.

"Yes, dear sister," he answered. "The business of the colony must be done, and I am the man to do it, Oglethorpe thinks."

"I fear to have you go so much among these horrible savages; I have heard dreadful tales of them, and I am always in dread when you go among them. But, my brother, you promised to tell me what you did while you staid away the last time. We thought you were dead, dear Richard. What were you doing so long?"

"I promised to tell you indeed, and so I will," replied Richard. "The tale will surprise you. You know that it was full six months ago when I left you and went into the Indian country. I journeyed up the river into the country of the Uchees, intending to make my way into the village of the chief Echotee. One day, as I sat beside the river, and was eating my noontide meal, I heard the rustle of the forest leaves, and looking up, I saw the terrible figure of the beast known as the Indian Devil. You never saw it, Katie, and may you never be so cursed. It has all the lightness and ferocity of the panther, with ten times its strength. It has long sharp claws, and terrible teeth. I thought my time had come. Few ever joined battle with the Indian Devil and escaped alive. My gun lay beside me, and as the beast leaped, I fired without aim—Providence directed that shot. It broke the jaw of the fierce creature and gave me some chance for my life. As I fired, I was prostrated by the body of the animal, sweeping through the air like a huge bull. I drew my knife and fought as well as I could. The claws of the monster were tearing away the flesh from my shoulders, and I had given myself up and was fainting from loss of blood, when I heard a whizzing sound and something struck the ferocious beast. I was relieved from his weight. I fainted, and when I recovered I lay upon a bed of dry leaves, and two persons, an Indian man and girl, were bending over me. I was taken by surprise, but I knew the man to be Echotee, chief of the Uchee nation. They had bound my wounds with some preparation which is known to the Indians, giving me a wonderful sensation of ease. The girl's face attracted

me. I have seen some beauties in my time, dear Katie, but you will be surprised when I tell you, that, excepting *you*, there is no woman who can compare with her in the whole colony."

"Don't perjure yourself for my sake, Richard," said the girl, with a light laugh. "While you openly make an exception in my favor you are really thinking that I am nothing to this Indian princess."

"She was beautiful, I tell you," cried the young man. "There is none like her, none; excepting *you* always. The chief knew me, for we had met at Yemassee."

"'Musgrove must be quiet,' he said, in his deep voice. 'The beast is dead, but he has left his mark upon our white brother.'"

"I looked around me and saw that the Indian Devil lay dead with an arrow in his eye, the only part where an arrow could have taken effect. They had sent an Indian to the village for help, and in a few moments he came back in company with four or five others who made a litter of boughs and laid me on it. I was taken to the chief's lodge and left in his charge. The girl, who was his daughter, nursed me as kindly as you could have done. I had nothing to do, and so I spent my time in teaching her English. She can speak it now; the prettiest broken English you ever heard."

"Did you learn her nothing else?" said Katie, with a sly look. He flushed a little and asked her what she meant.

"Did you not teach her the number and tense of the verb 'to love'?"

"You are right," said he. "I did, and who could help loving her? She saved my life, nursed me three long months, and I asked her to love me, and then I found that she had a heart. She loves me in return."

"What will our father say?" she asked.

"Whatever he says will be kind," replied Richard.

"Brother," said Katie, softly. "You say this poor child loves you. If this is so, I hope my brother is noble enough and true enough to make her happy without doing her a wrong. I do not say it in doubt, but only to put you in mind that you are both young, and that you *love*. I will tell you the truth. If I had chosen a wife for you, it should have

been one of your own blood ; but, since you love her, you must make her your own true wife."

"We are betrothed," said he. "The present unhappy state of the country renders it impossible for us to be married now. But we are willing to wait."

"Why do you go into the Indian country now? Is it not to see her?"

"Partly ; but I really have business with the chiefs."

"Do you go alone?"

"No, Barden goes with me. And now a word to you. You must stay in the cabin as much as possible. Suspicious-looking men lurk about the country, and they might do you an injury. Have you seen any of them lately?"

"Yesterday, while you were hunting, a canoe came down the river and the inmates stopped at the cabin to get some water. One of them was a Spaniard, richly dressed, whose bold black eyes I did not like. He was very rude, staring at me all the time they staid. He had an Indian with him, a Uchee, I should think, by what you have told me. They said they were going to Frederika."

"Describe them," said Richard.

Katie gave an accurate description of Costello and Occoonec. Her brother knew them.

"Those fellows will keep clear of Frederika," he said. "The Spaniard I know ; it is Manuel Costello, and a sly and subtle knave he is. When *he* comes into the Indian country, look out for trouble. Where is Cudjo?"

"He is in the cabin. I told him that you were going away and he insisted upon going with you. I believe he will try to go with you."

At this moment the door of the cabin opened and a negro came out ; a short, thick-set fellow, with a head disproportionately large, and a mouth of astounding dimensions. He strode up to the couple under the trees, armed for dreadful war. A butcher-knife was stuck in a broad leathern belt about his waist, together with a short-handled axe. Over his shoulder he carried a Dutch "Roei," capable of carrying a quarter of a pound of shot. A coonskin cap was set jauntily upon his thick black locks. His stout legs were cased in buckskin breeches, and his huge feet in moccasins.

"Wha' you a-doin' here?" he said, in a hoarse voice. "You go 'long into de house, Missee Katie. We done don't want you no longer. When is we a-gwine Marse Richard?"

"Why, you black rascal, who told you that I wanted you? How came you rigged out in that outlandish fashion?"

"You shet up, Marse Richard. I'se gwine wid you, I is Don, you say a word agin it, kase 'tain't no use, I tole you. We'se gwine togedder, shuah."

"But, I don't want to take you with me. Do you wish to leave that woolly scalp of yours in the lodge of an Indian?"

"Don' you go a berrying trouble 'bout *dis* chile. I ax you, Marse Richard, wedder Ise de man dat toted you in hese arms wen you was pickarninny, or was it some udder dark? Ef it was *me*, den I 'spose I got right to go wid you. My name is *Cudjo Musgrove*, ain't it? Well den, wat *you* a' talkin' 'bout, *say*?"

"But, Cudjo," said Richard, in a tone of laughing remonstrance, "you must not expect to go with me. The service I have undertaken does not allow me to take more than one, and I have already engaged the services of another person, who will be here soon."

"I break his head w'en he come, just as shuah as my name is Cudjo Musgrove!" said the negro in great wrath. "De big scoundrel! Who he be? Bet you money its dat fleckled-faced, sharp-nosed, dust-colored fellow dat dey call Barden. Had to go out'n yer *own* family to get some one to go wid you! I takes dat real hard of you, 'deed I does, Marse Richard."

"I had not forgotten you, Cudjo," replied the young man, bent upon conciliating the faithful fellow. "You know when I go away, I depend on you to take care of the family. I should think you would not like to go away from your old master and mistress, and Miss Katie."

"Sho, now, Marse Richard," said Cudjo, his face beaming with delight, "how you talk! Course Ise only foolin'. I d like to go long a you fust-rate, but course 'twon't do to leave de family widout any protector, dats a fac. I stay here, and way of dem Injuns come troo de woods, Ise go and take dem

English, "but I am forced to trouble you. Could you send a man down with a piece of canvas or strong cloth to help my companion repair our canoe? It has taken to leaking badly."

Katie called to Cudjo, who was loitering about the door of the cabin, and told him to go into the house and procure the articles required. He returned soon with a piece of canvas and a pitch-pot, which he plumped down at the feet of Costello.

"Dar," he said; "fix your own ole canoe. I ain't a-goin' to do it for you."

"Ladrone!" hissed Costello. "Do you think I am accustomed to carry burdens, when one of your accursed race is near to do it for me?"

"I ain't none of *your* nigger," replied Cudjo, who could be insolent when he chose. "Ise Marse Musgrove's nigger, I is. Don't you tech me."

"Cudjo," said Katie, "take up the kettle and carry it down to the river. Do not come back until the canoe is repaired."

Cudjo did as he was ordered, grumbling loudly, while Costello remained with Katie.

"Lady," he said, "how is it that one apparently so well nurtured as you are, is found in this solitary place?"

"I follow the fortunes of my parents," answered the girl. "Will you enter? You will see my father."

"Thanks," replied Costello. "If you will be so kind, I should prefer to stay here, having your company. We forest-rangers see little of women, and I will engage that none of them who have not visited the Savannah can make the boast that I always shall."

He paused, expecting a question, but she said nothing.

"You are not inquisitive," he said. "Why do you not ask me what that boast will be? Since you will not, I will tell you. I shall say that on the bank of the Savannah, in the wilds of Florida, I have seen a more beautiful woman than I ever saw in the court at Madrid."

"Sir!"

"Excuse my warmth," he said. "But the plain truth is not flattery. Give me the right which is granted by your beauty, of saying that you *are* beautiful, and that I admire you for it."

"I must give you good-day," she said, hurriedly. "I am not accustomed to speaking with gentlemen whom I do not know. If there is any thing which my servant can do for you, he is at your service."

"Stay, lady," said Costello, in an insolent tone. "You are too fast. I am Manuel Costello, the agent of the Spaniard at St. Augustine. I tell you that your beauty is the lodestone which draws me to this place. I have seen you many times, when you did not dream of it. I have watched you from the bushes as you passed, singing on your way, and wished that the kind heaven had made me such a woman for my wife. I have thought of it night and day, and now I dare speak. You see in me no common man. I claim that some of the noblest blood in old Spain flows through these veins. There are rich estates waiting for me if I choose to turn my steps thither. It is not lack of means, but love of adventure, which has induced me to come hither. But, be my wife, and we will turn again to the country of my birth, fair Andalusia, and there live happily, and at peace with all the world. I have had my fill of blood and death, believe me. Do not turn away your head. Bethink you that circumstances have forced me to this step. You are far too beautiful and good to spend your life in this place, amid savage associations, such as these which we now behold."

He had seized her hand, while she struggled in vain to free herself.

"Unhand me!" she cried. "If you are a gentleman, you will not force a lady to hear you against her will. I can not listen to you."

"My love must be my excuse," replied Costello, still retaining her hand. "I pray you, do not distress yourself. You must hear me. Am I old, deformed? Do I lack any of the graces which gentlemen need to make them agreeable in the eyes of lady fair? I do not wish to press this now. Give me your answer some other day if you will."

"Release my hand," said Katie, "and I will answer you."

"You give me your word?"

"I do."

He released her instantly, and she turned her back upon him to control her passion, for his impudence had made her

angry. At last she found voice to articulate the word "Go!"

"Is that your answer?" he said.

"I do not know a better," was her reply. "Your impudence is beyond belief. Of what metal do you suppose our English girls composed, that you hope to woo and win and marry one upon first sight?"

"Give me leave to visit you."

"No."

"We part enemies, then."

"As you will."

He shook a warning finger at her, and was gone in a moment. Passing Cudjo on his way to the house, he bestowed on him a buffet which sent him rolling to the earth, spilling the tar and rolling him in it. When he rose to his feet, the canoe was far up the stream, propelled by the long strokes of the savage.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE VILLAGE.

ECHOTEE never halted until he had reached the village, which was situated some seven miles from the spot where he had met with Costello, and had been informed of his daughter's love for a white man. The great chief was troubled. He had become sincere in his neutrality. He wished to keep the peace with both parties, well knowing that, in the event of a war, the English and Spanish would be two millstones, and his party the grain to be crushed between them. But, the time had come when he must do all he could for his people. He directed his steps to his lodge. The first one he met was his daughter, who had hardly been in the lodge an hour. He said nothing to her, but sat down upon a bearskin, and covered his face with a blanket. For an hour he sat there, silent, and then rose and called his daughter to him.

"Accursed one!" he said, "what is this that I hear? Is

the blood of the Uchees gone from your veins? Have you dared to break a stick with a pale-face?"

Anote bowed her head in silence, for she knew by his face that she was betrayed. She knew that he had met Occoonee, and that he had told all that had passed upon the river-bank.

"Speak, Anote," cried the chief, "and tell me what you have done. Behold, I was a friend to the Yengees. I would not listen to the words of the Silver Knife from St. Augustine. But now, blood will flow, and you will be the cause."

"Why should this be?" said the girl, rising. "Behold, the river runs yonder, under the trees. I will go thither and throw myself in. Then the whites can come again to the lodges of the Uchees, and there will be no war."

But he held her in a firm grasp. "My vengeance would not sleep. Stay here. I go to make ready for the coming war. Let the Yengees along the river look well to their scalps, or they will lose them."

He strode out into the central square of the village, and pealed out the gathering-cry of the tribe. They understood it, and soon every warrior and chief was on his way to the council-chamber. In a few moments all were assembled, and Echotee took his seat as head-chief of the tribe. A silence fell upon the assembly as the peace-pipe passed from mouth to mouth. Then an old chief rose.

"Speak to us, Echotee!" he said, "and tell us why we are called here to-day. Who has angered the great chief of the Uchees?"

Echotee rose. "Ye gray heads, and ye young men of the Uchees, listen to the words of Echotee. The day of peace is over. Many moons ago, the Yengees came to the council, and we buried a hatchet so deep that we thought we could never dig it up again. But, alas! the day is come when we must again paint the war-post red and smite the hatchet into it. The Great Spirit made this land for our use. He made the buffalo and the deer for their food; the beaver and the bear he made, too, and their skins served us for clothing. But an evil day came upon us. The white man crossed the great sea-water in his big canoe with white wings. They were very few and very humble. We gave them a little peace, and now they want all.

"Red men of the woods! listen to the words of your chief. What we have wanted is concert of action. A few together have tried to make head against the Yengees and have failed. The strength of the great Yemassee is broken, but the remnant will join us in driving the Yengees from the land. We will be the head of the rising. The Spaniard will be on hand, and will strike at the right moment. Behold, while I speak, Occoonce comes, and with him the Silver Knife, who will tell you what he will do for us. When he is done speaking, I will again tell you my mind. Speak, Silver Knife, and tell us what our fathers at St. Augustine will do for their children."

Costello, who had followed the chief to the village, rose at the summons.

"It would not bescem me to speak before gray heads, if it were not that I am the mouth-piece of the fathers at St. Augustine. They have seen the sufferings of their brothers, the Indians. They are sorry that the English are not more kind to them, and they are willing to help drive them away. It is easy to wring the neck of the young panther, but when it has grown, a strong warrior would be afraid to touch it without a knife in his hand. The English on St. Simon's Island are weak now. It remains with you to destroy them entirely. We know that the Indians do not like to fight where there is great thunder in the forts. We do not ask them to do that. But there are many settlers along the river, and these must be destroyed. Let it be the work of the Indians to do this. The Spaniards would be their friends, and at the same time avenge the insults of Oglethorpe, who came into their country, and attacked them in their forts. When we are ready, we will send word to the Uchees. At the word, let the settlers be cut off to a man. Remember the fate of the Yemassees, and be wary."

"Set up the war-post!" was the cry. "Aha! we scent blood; it is the breath of our nostrils. Uchee! Uchee!"

A post was brought in, painted red, and set up in the midst of the council-chamber. Echotee then ordered the medicine-men to appear. They came in, seven in number, painted in a grotesque manner, and begun a dance in the midst, amid a shaking of dried bones and the rattle of beans in dried

bladders. At the same time they chanted this strange, unearthly song:

“Hark! Great Spirit descend!
Listen to the words of thy children!
We hate the pale-faces,
Let them die in their lodges.
Speak, Great Spirit!
Let thy children know
If they may go to battle.
We have set the post in the ground,
We have painted our faces black,
And we long for the day of battle.”

As they sung, their excitement increased, and their voices rose almost to a shriek. They brandished their hands above their heads, and kept time to the music with their feet and bodies. Their faces were distorted, as in pain. Outside the circle stood the chiefs and warriors, regarding their motions with great attention, for it depended on them whether they went to the battle.

“We have heard the owl hoot
And the cricket cry,
And the sky to the north is bloody.
We know that the war is at hand.
Strengthen our hands, oh Spirit;
Make us mighty in battle!
The white men must cease from the land;
’Tis we that must destroy them.
Aha! Uchee! Uchee!”

“Oh, mighty Echotee,” cried the leader of the dancers, “stoop and dig up the hatchet, and if the Great Spirit is angry we shall hear his voice.”

Echotee sprung into the circle and begun to dig, and as he seized the handle of the buried hatchet and whirled it on high, a hollow murmur rose on the air, and fast increased to a sullen roar. The great chief paused, with the handle still grasped, and looked toward the lodge-curtain. It was suddenly flung aside, and Anote entered with her dark hair streaming behind her on the wind. She stood in the doorway of the lodge, and stretched out her hand.

“Ye have called on the Great Spirit,” she said; “come forth and ye shall hear his answer.”

They hurried from the lodge, and saw a sight which filled

them with wonder and dismay. The sky was darkened, and a hollow roar was heard. Far away, the tall palmettos were bending and breaking beneath the power of the hurricane, sweeping in from seaward with indescribable force. Huge limbs, wrenched from the parent stem by the power of the whirlwind, were rising into the air, mingled with dry leaves, tufts of grass and masses of weed. The Indians stood in speechless amazement and terror, gazing at the appalling spectacle. While they stood there, it struck the village, and in a moment every wigwam was prostrated with the exception of that of Echotee.

"Behold!" cried Anote, when the whirlwind had passed through the devastated village, "the anger of the Great Spirit is upon you heavily. Your homes are in the dust, as you will be, if you go out to fight the Yengees, who have never wronged you."

"Accursed one," cried the chief, "do you dare to speak in the presence of Echotee? Away, before I forget that you are my child and destroy you. Rise, my children. Let not your hearts be cast down by this. The medicine-men have told you that the Great Spirit would speak. This is the work of the Great Spirit, it is true. He is angry because we have become children, and can no longer defend the graves of our fathers."

"Echotee is not right," said an old chief, rising slowly. "Children of the Uchees, listen to the words of one whose head is growing gray. It is not well that we should fight the English. They are stronger than we are. Listen to the words of wisdom which come from the mouth of Anote, though she is but a girl. The hand of the Great Spirit is on us in anger. Behold, the village has fallen, but the dwelling of Echotee stands. That is because Anote loves the English. Let us put the Spaniard forth, never to return."

A low murmur began; then it grew in force, for the excited and alarmed crowd were easily swayed; and a clamor rose to expel the Spaniard from the village. But Echotee placed himself before them, with a drawn hatchet.

"Whoever lays a hand upon the Silver Knife in anger dies by my hand. He is under my care. As for my child, I call upon you, ye aged men and brave warriors, to avenge me upon

her. Speak, and tell me what shall be done with the child who forgets that she is the daughter of the chief of the Uchees and loves one of the accursed race of the English?"

"Who hath dared this?" said the aged chief.

"Anote," was the reply.

"Then let her die," was the cry of the stern warriors. "This is not the work of the Great Spirit. A bad devil has gone into her heart. We will set up the post; we will strike the hatchet into it."

Cries of rage rung through the village, and Anote was hurried away to a lodge, and bound hand and foot. She knew her fate. She had apostatized from the rules of the tribe, and she must die. Her death could not be otherwise than sudden. She would die by the hatchet in the midst of a solemn feast.

She heard, for three days, the sound of feasting and riot in the village, and knew that the warriors had struck the war-post and were preparing for battle. In the midst of her desolation, the Indian girl gloried in her love for Richard Musgrove. She hoped that he would not come to Echotee, for she knew that his life would not be safe from the rage of the chief. The Spaniard and Indian had departed, on the day of her capture, to spy out the nature of the fortifications about St. Simon's Island and Frederika, and it was while upon this errand that Costello saw Katie Musgrove, and loved her.

At the end of six days Anote heard a great commotion, and knew that there was a new arrival in the village. This was her lover and Barden, who had come in, not knowing that the savages had already struck the post. Immediately upon their arrival, they were seized and placed in a lodge by themselves, strongly guarded. Barden took their misfortunes with whimsical composure.

"We are in for it, Dick," he said. "Why didn't you say that the Uchees had dug up the hatchet? We will find a warm place here. I don't think we shall have cause to complain of a want of fire."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we shall probably be treated to a roast and stew, cooked in the most approved Indian manner. In other words, we shall be burned at the stake. I don't mind it; I like it. But I hate to have you made uncomfortable. I know

you don't like warm weather. I'll have a proposition to make to the chief, when he comes in, to this effect: I shall say, 'Here is a tough old hunter, a man fond of hot things, who is the very chap to make a barbecue of. Now, you are at liberty to use me as you think proper; but if you lay as much as the weight of a finger on my friend, Dick Musgrove, I'll come out of my grave and haunt you to your dying day;' I will, by thunder, and that is as good as sworn to."

Richard Musgrove silently extended his hand to his friend. Though Barden was rough in form and rude of speech, he had a sincere desire to save his friend, and would have submitted to any torture to free him.

"I know that you would do this, Barden," said Musgrove, "and I thank you. But I do not think that the chief would injure us. We came here in good faith."

"How often have I told you, Dick Musgrove, that you have no right to put faith in an Indian. I wouldn't believe the best Indian that ever walked on two feet."

"I can trust the chief."

"I can't. And I have strong fears that he will order you to be burned. I may say that you will not find that particularly agreeable."

They passed two days in the lodge. At the end of that time they were set at liberty, but it was noticeable that wherever they went they could not get far from four strong warriors, each of whom carried a bow in his hand, and two broad-headed arrows loose in his belt. These were the guards, who had been ordered by the chief to attend them, and shoot them if they attempted to escape.

CHAPTER V.

THE THWARTED PURPOSE.

THE chief had been away from the village during the whole period of the captivity of his daughter, and knew nothing of the capture of the two white men. On his arrival he ordered them to be released, but took precautions to prevent their escape. Occoonee had been in the village all the time. His treachery had not resulted as he had hoped it would. He had not intended to doom the girl he loved to death, and was now racking his brain for some way to set her at liberty. He was standing at the door of his lodge, looking in moody silence at the passing crowd, when Costello approached and asked him the cause of his sadness.

"Why should I tell the pale-face? He will not understand the sorrow which fills the heart of Occoonee," was the reply.

"Tell me why you are sad," said the persuasive voice of the Spaniard. "I will do what I can to aid you."

"I have taken away the life of Anote," was the answer. "I would have had her love me, and behold, I have given her to death."

"Shall I tell you how to save her?"

"Can you?" demanded Occoonee.

"I can."

"What shall I do?"

Costello stooped and whispered a few words in his ear. The face of Occoonee brightened, and he nodded in token of understanding, and they entered the council-lodge together. The chiefs were already assembled, and rose to greet the Spaniard as he entered the circle. He was awarded a seat with the chiefs, and the council began which was to decide the fate of Anote.

"Let her be brought before us," said Echotee.

There was a stir at the door, and Anote was led in. She

had been stripped of her ornaments while in the lodge, but to-day she was dressed with more than usual care. An admiring look came into the face of the Spaniard, and he made a mental vow to do all he could to save her, if it were possible. Her long hair was plaited with silver ornaments, and a double belt of wampum secured it, and shone upon her smooth forehead. A murmur of admiration ran round the council, and even many of the warriors thought that this beautiful girl would grace a bridal better than this solemn council. There was no sign of fear in her face, as she faced the grim circle of warriors and chiefs.

"Daughter," said the old chief Naoman, who had stood up for her on the day of the whirlwind, "it is said that you have been false to your tribe, and that you love one of the Yengees, the Heavy Hand. He is a brave man, but he is not of your blood. Speak, and say that this is false."

"Father," said Anote, "I have a heart, and if I speak falsely that heart will accuse me. I have done no wrong. Who accuses me?"

"Occoonee, stand forward and speak. What have you to say?"

"Nothing," said Occoonee.

"Nothing?"

"No word," replied Occoonee.

"Think again," said Echotee, rising. "Did you not speak to me by the side of the Savannah, and tell me that my daughter loved one of the accursed race? Yonder stands the man. He is a snake. I took him into my wigwam; I warmed him; I fed him; I cured his wounds, and in return, he stole the heart of my child."

"I will explain! chiefs and warriors of the Uchees," said Costello. "Echotee was cold of heart, and would not join us in our enterprise. We knew that he loved his daughter, and we told him that she loves the Heavy Hand who stands yonder. She does not love him, and if she had not been taken captive, would have broken a stick with Occoonee by the side of a running stream, and promised to be his wife."

Echotee started up angrily, a flush rising into his forehead, which was perceptible even through his dusky skin.

"Then the Silver Knife has lied to me! Why should the

warriors of the Uchees fight for a dead dog? If the Silver Knife has lied to me, how do we know that he has not lied about our Father, at St. Augustine?"

"The chief is angry with me," said Costello, seeing his mistake. "I only repeat what Occoonce said to me. Occoonce may speak."

"Have you lied?" thundered the chief, turning upon Occoonce and fingering the handle of his hatchet. "Liar and coward! But there is one among you who will *not* lie, even to save her life. Speak, Anote, and remember this. If you say you love the Yengee, you die! But remember also that you are the daughter of the Uchee chief, and that his name is Echotee. Do you love the Yengee?"

Anote glanced once around the circle; once at her father, standing like a statue carved in bronze, waiting for her answer; once at Occoonce, who was cowering in the corner of the lodge; and then, she saw Richard Musgrove, making by the motion of his lips and hands, an eloquent appeal to her to deny him and save her life. That decided her, and she faced him with a look as steadfast as his own.

"*I love him!*" she said.

"She has confessed it," said Echotee, after a moment's silence, broken only by the labored breathing of the men who stood around. "What shall be her fate?"

"Let her go free," said Richard, pressing to the front. "Chief, remember that this is your child, and that you love her. I am a man strong enough to bear torture. I give myself into your hands and say to you, do as you will with me. I am in your power, but let the girl go free. She is a woman, and I am all to blame."

"Heavy Hand," said Echotee, "you were my friend. I took you into my lodge, and loved you. But you betrayed me. You say well, I love my daughter. But she is no longer my child. When she is dead I shall dig her a grave, and in it I bury her faults with her body. Then I shall love her again, and avenge her loss on those who have murdered her. It will not be her father who will slay her but *you*, child of an accursed race!"

"You *dare* not slay her," cried the young man, shaking his hands at the chief. "You dare not lay her blood upon my

guiltless head. Give her to me. I will make her my wife, love and cherish her, as long as my life shall last. Chiefs, warriors, think before you do this dreadful wrong. You have the power: use it for good. Costello, join me in trying to save her life."

"I have perjured myself in trying to save her," said the Spaniard. "It is her own fault that she has destroyed herself. I have nothing more to say."

"You are a cold-blooded miscreant."

"You are an—Englishman."

"Let this brawling cease," said the chief. "Let the Englishman be removed. Chiefs, I call upon you to aid me to avenge myself upon this thankless child. Have you not heard that the sacrifice which the Corn Spirit most loves, is the blood of a maiden? Let her die, and we shall have abundant crops for the coming harvest. I give her to you. And when she is dead, then will I think of vengeance."

There was something of the old Roman spirit in the chief, sacrificing the daughter of his love to the Corn Spirit, because she had disgraced the tribe. But Naoman, the old chief, was not satisfied that she should die, and he rose and protested strongly against the measure. He set before them the fact that Richard Musgrove was a far better sacrifice than the girl could possibly be, and advised them to accept him as a substitute, and let the girl go free. He told them that their harvests had been abundant heretofore, and that until the Corn Spirit had called for a sacrifice, one should not be given. But the trial by fire would be accepted by the Great Spirit. Naoman had once held strong sway over the hearts of the Uchees, but his power was failing before the steady advance of Echotee, until that chief held complete control in the tribe. A call for a show of hands resulted in condemning the girl to be slain, to appease the Corn Spirit. Her fate was to come next day. In the mean time, the late prisoners were led back to the lodges, and again put under guard. As Richard lay upon his face in an agony of sorrow, and Barden was trying to comfort him, the lodge curtain was lifted, and Echotee entered. A dozen years seemed to have passed over his head in the last half hour, showing that though he had inflexibly pushed forward the destruction of his child, he felt it keenly. He stood

regarding the young man in silence for some time, so silently indeed, that only Barden knew that he had entered the lodge at all. At last the latter touched him, and told him the chief was there. He sat up quickly and faced the chief, whose countenance never changed for a moment, as he stood like a statue, regarding the man whom he looked upon as the destroyer of his child.

"Why are you here?" said Richard.

"I have come to look upon the face of the man who has been the cause of the bloodshed which will arise from this day. Let the name of a white man be accursed, and may you never know a moment's peace! Oh, that you had died by the claws of the Indian Devil! Would that this arm, which loosed the arrow by which your life was saved, had been palsied before it drew the bow."

"You do me wrong," said Richard. "I have a man's heart, and could not help loving your daughter. But I have done her no wrong, and would make her my own true wife."

"Silence!" thundered the savage. "Keep good tongue in your mouth. The blood of Echotee shall not mix with that of a white man. No; Anote dies to-morrow, and you shall stand by and see it. I come to bid you welcome to the feast."

"If you kill her," said Richard, "I will never rest until I have hunted you down and destroyed you."

"If the Great Spirit has appointed me to die by your hand, so be it," replied Echotee. "*She* dies at sunrise."

With these words he strode from the lodge, leaving the young men to themselves. They passed a miserable night, and at early morning woke and were ready for the sacrifice. They were allowed to go out as before, and waited the event.

As the first tints of the morning sun showed themselves above the eastern horizon, a great stir made itself apparent in the village. The women, especially, were on the alert, and could be seen coming in from the savannahs loaded with wild flowers. Near the outskirts of the village a post had been set up and a grave dug. Richard knew that this was the grave of Anote. The chiefs and warriors stood aloof for the present. Occoonce had not shown himself, and Costello was wandering restlessly through the village, apparently ill at

ease. Many of the women were old and singularly repulsive, and these were eager for the sacrifice. Woman's worst enemy is woman!

As the sun rose, the victim was led out, adorned as for a bridal. Her ornaments were arranged upon her person with a good eye to effect, and a crown of wild flowers was on her head. First came a procession of young women, crowned like the victim, singing a mournful chant:

"Corn Spirit! Corn Spirit!
Behold what we bring thee.
See thou the prize which we offer!
Is she not beautiful?
Is she not radiant,
Even as the sun in sky?
She shall be thy bride,
Strong Spirit of Corn!
Mighty One!
When the famine comes,
Let it not touch the Uchee.
For we to-day give blood,
The blood of a fair maiden.
We crown her with flowers,
And plant her in the warm earth,
A seed for the harvest.
Beside her flowers shall spring,
And the bright green grasses grow swiftly.
Good-by, good-by, lovely Anote!
Good-by, for ever!"

"Great heaven!" cried Richard; "let this mummary cease. They dare not kill that beautiful child because she has loved me."

As the procession passed the place where the white men stood, Anote cast a look at her lover, a look which spoke her deathless love. He stretched out his hand and called her name.

"Musgrove," she said, "I am going to that far-off land of which you have so often spoken when we were together, the land where the good of all people dwell in the smile of the Great Spirit. Do not weep for me, but follow me when your day is over to that better land where we shall be again united as lovers."

"I will live to avenge you, or I will die with you."

He scattered the maidens right and left and clasped her in his arms.

"They shall not part us," he said. But the savages laid hands upon him, and dragged him away, while the maidens led her to the fatal spot. Once there, she knelt as Musgrove had taught her in the days when they loved, and breathed a prayer to that sovereign Spirit, in whom even the Indians believe implicitly.

Just as she rose, there was a slight tumult in the midst of the warriors, and Occoonee burst through them, and made his way to the side of Echotee, who had come from the lodge and stood by himself. The eyes of the young warrior were bloodshot, and he held a heavy hatchet in his hand.

"Chief," he said. "I ask justice at your hands. Your daughter deceived me. She promised to be my wife, and I would slay her with this hatchet. Shall it be so?"

"It is well," said the chief, with stoical indifference. "The time has come. Slay her, and lay her in yonder open grave."

A strange smile was on the face of Occoonee as he pushed aside the attendant maidens, with the small ax gleaming in his hand. Anote caught the flash of his subtle black eyes, and closed her own, for she thought her time had come. The place where the grave was dug was close to the river bank, near a spot where a span of land shot out into the river. As Anote closed her eyes, she felt the arms of the savage about her, and opening them in surprise, found that he was running for the river-side, holding her in his arms, while angry yells could be heard from the savages, who were impeded in their pursuit by the crowd of frightened females. The guards of Barden and Musgrove let fly arrows at Occoonee, but uselessly, for he had escaped into the river, and was fast driving downward with the current. And when they would have pursued, it was found that every canoe in the village had been stove!

As the guards turned their attention to the escaping couple, the two white men ran in an opposite direction. No one saw them go except Echotee and Costello, who started in pursuit. Both the pursuers were remarkably swift of foot, and after running half a mile, a very short distance separated

them from the escaping prisoners. The runners had an object in view, in prolonging the chase. Neither of them had any fear of a battle with their enemies, but before entering the village, they had concealed their arms in a hollow log by the forest path. Turning an angle by a huge oak tree which stood near the path, they disappeared from the sight of the pursuers. When they again came in sight they had faced the other way and stood with sword and pistol, ready for a fray. Echotee paused and held back the eager Spaniard.

"This is as it should be," he said. "We will fight here. There stands the man who has robbed me of the child I loved. I will fight him. Do you take the other."

"I am for you," shouted Barden, whirling his short sword above his head. "Come on!"

The battle between these two was decisive. Three passes, quick as light, and the Spaniard lay prostrate, with a bloody crown. Barden flapped his arms after the manner of a victorious rooster, and turned to watch the combat between the chief and Musgrove. The latter was pressing his antagonist hard, when loud cries announced the coming of reinforcements to the chief. At that cry the white men broke away and ran. Barden escaped; but Musgrove, struck by a chance arrow, was captured and taken back to the village.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAFEGUARD AND THE REUNION.

In the present excited state of the village, Musgrove had little mercy to expect at their hands. He was at once placed in the lodge, and more heavily guarded than ever. The escape of Barden had aroused their anger, now heightened by the disaffection of Occoonce. But the post was ready and a victim prepared. That day they made him run the gantlet, wounded as he was. He was taken back to the lodge and left for the night. Next morning he was led out to the stake. Echotee, who had been wounded in the fight of the

previous day, had remained in the lodge, not caring to witness the death of his enemy. But Musgrove sent for him as he was being tied to the stake.

"What do you desire?" said Echotee, coming up at this request. Musgrove took from his bosom a small bone, carved in the shape of a coiled serpent, and held it up. Echotee started.

"Do you remember this pledge, chief?"

"I do," replied the chief.

"When you placed it on my neck you said, Show me this if you are tied to the stake, and I will aid you.' I claim your promise."

"Echotee will keep his word," cried the chief.

He called the chiefs aside, and entered into an angry discussion. It ended in Musgrove being taken back to the lodge, reprieved, for what length of time he did not know. One thing he noticed, however. The guards about his lodge were the personal adherents of the chief. In the middle of the night the lodge-curtain was lifted and the chief made his appearance. Without speaking a word he signed to the other to follow him, and led the way from the place. He followed in silence and passed out of the village and down to the river-side. There a canoe lay, one of many which had been brought up from below that day, to replace those which had been rendered useless by the cunning of Occoonce. A strong paddle was placed in the bow, together with the arms which Musgrove had brought to the village.

"I do not understand this," said Musgrove.

"An Indian chief keeps his word," was the haughty reply. "I gave you the coiled serpent, the emblem of the Uchee nation, and said I would help you. I redeem it here. Give me back the pledge."

Musgrove took the symbol from his neck and handed it to Echotee. He cast it from him into the flowing river.

"Take the canoe," said he, "and escape. But before you go, I ask a promise at your hands."

Musgrove paused, supporting himself by the paddle, with one foot in the light bark canoe.

"What is your demand?"

"That if we meet in battle, you will forget that I ever

saved your life, and fight with all the power of your arm, for I will never rest until I wear your scalp in my belt, or lie beside the river."

"Be it so," said Musgrove, sadly. "I would not be an enemy to the father of the woman I would marry. But I promise."

He pushed off as he spoke, and left the chief standing on the shore. As he turned the last point, he looked back, and saw him standing alone where he had left him, leaning upon his long bow.

Barden, when he escaped from the struggle with Costello, did not know that his young friend had fallen until it was too late to attempt his rescue. Satisfied that he could do nothing for him, he set out at once for St. Simon's. He found their canoe safe, and was soon on the trail of Occoonce and Anote. About four miles down the stream he saw their canoe draw up to the shore, and not liking the looks of this, he turned his own in the same direction, and landed under cover of the thick bushes on the bank. Stealing cautiously forward, he looked in on a strange scene.

Occoonce had dragged Anote from the canoe and tied her to a tree, and was standing before her with the hatchet with which he had freed her in his hand. Barden drew his knife and silently approached the two—so near, indeed, that he could hear every word which was spoken.

"I shall not do as you wish, Occoonce," he heard her say. "Why did you not let me die?"

"Because I love you," replied the savage, "and because I think it better for you to be the wife of a brave warrior than to die in your youth. But I swear by the Great Spirit, that if you do not promise to be my squaw, I will leave you here, and the wild beasts will devour you."

"Let it be so," said the brave girl. "I can die as bravely here as I would have died at the stake to-day. Do your worst to me, wicked warrior. You have lied to my father. You have lied to the Great Spirit. But let the chiefs of the Uchee beware! They are many; they are strong; but the power of the white man is great—stronger than the strength of the Uchee."

"Anote is a fool!" shouted the savage. "Let her die as a fool dieth!"

As he turned, he fell to the earth, struck down by a blow from a club in the hands of Barden; and ere the Indian recovered his senses, the ranger and his prize were speeding rapidly down-stream. Barden never slackened his course until he landed before the cabin of Mr. Musgrove. Taking the Indian girl by the hand, he led her up the path to the house. Katie was standing by the door, and hastened to meet them.

"Miss Katie," he said, in a tone of sorrow, "this is Anote, your brother's betrothed. Love her for his sake."

Katie took her by the hand and kissed her cheek. "She is welcome," said the loving girl. "Where is my brother?"

"He is a prisoner," said Barden. "But I do not think they will harm him. He will escape."

"Barden," said Anote, "why did you not speak of this before? You no do right to Anote. I will go back to Echotee. I will say to my father, let Musgrove go free and take me in his place."

"You shall not do that, brave girl," said Barden. "You know nothing of this child, Miss Katie. She stood at the stake with a smile on her face, while the man who had been appointed to destroy her approached her with a hatchet in his hand. She is the bravest girl in Georgia."

"Barden," said Katie, "do you think they will kill my brother?"

"Miss Katie, he is in the hands of God. I am a rough hunter, and if he don't come back in two days, I will try what I can do for him. But I must first go to St. Simon's and speak to Oglethorpe. A hot time is coming for the colony."

"Have you learned any thing?"

"Yes. The Uchees have struck the war-post, and in a short time, at a given signal, they will strike us all along the border. Where is your father?"

"I will call him," said Katie. "Stay here, Anote. I wish to speak with him before he sees you."

She was gone a few moments and returned with a tall man, in the dress of an English gentleman—a gray-haired but hale

old man, with the kindly smile which a good life plants upon the face of every good man, making it beautiful. He advanced, and kissed Anote kindly.

"You are welcome, my child," said he, "for your own sake as well as for the sake of my son, whose life you saved. I claim you as my daughter, from this hour."

Anote knelt at his feet, took his hand and laid it on her head. Then she rose and kissed it, and stood with folded hands and bent head, waiting for him to speak.

"Take her in, my child," he said, addressing Katie. "I wish to speak with Barden."

Katie led Anote into the house, and Mr. Musgrove took the arm of Barden and led him out of earshot.

"Is there any hope for my son?" he said, eagerly, as soon as he was sure the girls could not hear.

"Mr. Musgrove," replied Barden, "I can not tell. The Indians have been greatly estranged. You will understand it better when I tell you how the anger of the chief was roused against us."

He gave the father a detailed account of the love of Richard for Anote, and the attempt to sacrifice the girl to the Corn Spirit. When he had finished the tale, he proceeded:

"But, I must go to St. Simon's. Oglethorpe is in danger. This accursed Costello has laid his plans well, and there will be work at St. Simon's before many days. Give you good-day. I will stop here in a day or two, to find out if you have heard any news from your son. If you have not, I will go to the Uchee village and save him, or leave my bones beside his."

"Thanks," said Musgrove; and so they parted.

Next day, at nightfall, the two girls walked down by the side of the river, near the spot where Richard had parted from his sister a few days before. In the few hours they had been together, the unsuspecting frankness and beautiful innocence of the Indian girl had unconsciously won upon Katie, until she no longer wondered at her brother's choice. As they sat there in the deepening twilight, they heard a heavy step behind them, and turned to behold Cudjo, armed as on a former occasion, with his hair braided into innumerable little tails, which gave him a ludicrous expression

"See har now, Missee Katie," he said; "wha' you a-doin' har? Do you know dat de red debbles am in de wuds, t'ick as flees? Dey are, den. So you jest come in de house."

"There is no danger here, Cudjo."

"Is too, tell you. Black Pete and me went out in de wuds jes' las' night ober de ribber, an we seen 'em. More dan forty tousan', painted red, white, and yaller! Golly Jemima Hosaphat! Nebber seen a nigger run like dat Pete! Ye ought to hearn me talk to him arterward. 'Pete,' said I, expandin' dis yer chest, and speakin' in my mos' commandin' tone; 'look yer! What you mean by cuttin' away and leabin' me to 'counter a multitude of foes all by myse'f?' He cowered in my presents like a little lamb—or a black sheep. He ain't no use, dat ar Black Pete."

"But, Cudjo," said Kate, in great alarm; "you have not seen any Indians?"

"Have too, tell you! Yesserday. Me an' Pete seen 'em, our own selves. All de Injuns in de country ober dar by de ribber. You come in de house. Say; wat dat Injun a-doin' here—dat gal? You send her out ob dis! Marse Dick won't have no sich round."

"This girl is to be your misstress, Cudjo—your young master's wife."

"What you say? Say dat ag'in! You mean to tell me dat my young marse goin' to marry a red heathen like dat ar? Oh, g'way, now, youse a-foolin' you is! 'Tain't proper, now mind I tell you; and I ain't a-goin' to stand it; I has got some regard for the credit of de family, I has; and I tell you to send dat red nigger away."

"Silence!" cried Katie, rising in great wrath. "Block-head! I will have you whipped! She understands every word you say."

"Didn't know dat ar," replied Cudjo, alarmed at this sudden outbreak on the part of his young mistress, who was always quiet. "Didn't spect she cud un'stan' de English tongue, dat I didn't; scuse dis time, missee, and 'deed I nebber do dat no more."

"See that you do not," said Katie. "Remember that you are to wait on her as if she were in reality your mistress, for she will soon be so. No familiarity, any more than you

would use with myself, or brother Richard. Do you understand?"

"'Deed I does," replied Cudjo, now thoroughly cowed. "I'll do jest as you say; 'deed Ise sorry; didn't mean nothing, no-how; but missee, 'deed I did see a red nigger sneakin' round in de bushes ober de ribber las' night."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, Ise 'fraid of him a little, 'cause I didn't know but he had heaps of fellers wid him. Dat's de trufe."

"What were you doing over there?" said Katie, seeing by the earnest manner of the negro that he had really seen some one.

"Why, you know dat ober by dat p'int dar's cap'tal fish; lots ob fish; bes' kind we get. Pete and me was togedder, w'en he duv rite out ob de bote and 'gin to swim de ribber. I look ober my shoullder, and I seen a great tall Injun standin' right on de bank ober my head. I did, by golly; I pushed out de bote and tried fur to git away, but he held de bote wid his han'. Den I duv into de ribber to bring back dat Pete, so dat he cud fight de Injun; but he got to de land fust."

"Dat's a big lie, dat is," said another voice, and a second Ethiopian rose from under the bank where he had been listening to the conversation. "Don' you go fur to lie 'bout me, you nigger! Youse always de most contrary, lyin' beast in de country, dat I know. He was de fust man dat jumped out ob de bote, he *own* self."

"Any body dat knows Pete Musgrove knows dat he is de lyin'est nigger in de world. He better go ober de ribber and stay dar. whar dey don't hab no niggers, 'cause dey's too poor to own any, and den says dat dey don't hab any '*cause it ain't right.*' *"

"Be quiet, both of you," said Katie. "Did you see an Indian last night, Pete?"

"'Deed I did, missee."

"Why did you not speak to him?"

Pete scratched his head in a dubious manner, and grinned,

"Fact is, missee, dat I ain't very partic'larly fond of Injuns at dis period of my life. Dey ain't my style; my 'quaintance 'mong gentlemen ob dat color is limited; an' I don't care to

* The laws of Georgia forbade slavery at this time.

"tend it any further . I don't, really. My education was shamefully 'glected, an i don't like 'em. Dey've got a shameful habit of takin' de nar off'n a man's top-knot dat don't no ways suit me. Dat's why I didn't stop to speak wid him."

"How did he look?"

"I spec he was about seventeen feet high, wid a most aw-dashus look about him all ober, sich as I don't like to see in de human species. Oh, de Lord! dar he be now."

Both negroes turned to flee, but the calm voice of Anote stopped them.

"Do not fear him; it is Naoman, and he is the friend of the white man."

As she spoke, the old chief stepped up the bank and stood beside them. Both recognized him at once and greeted him cordially. It had been his custom to stop at the river-side on his way from the settlements, which he often visited, and he had always been kindly received. He appeared troubled and slow to speak; but he accepted Katie's invitation to sit down at the door of the house, though he refused to enter. He lighted his pipe and sat down, sighing from time to time. Katie saw that something was the matter with him and spoke to Anote, telling her to ask if he were ill. He shook his head slowly and continued to smoke in silence. Anote repeated her question and he said,

"I am a child of the forest. The pale-faces are our enemies. They devour the land of our people, and therefore why should I speak?"

"This is not good," said Anote. "You have broken bread with these good white people a hundred times, and their children have sat at your knee and listened to your words. If you have any thing on your mind, tell it to me now."

"If I tell you, and it is known to Echotee, he will slay me. White women are here and they are not good at keeping secrets."

"Try us, and see if we will not keep this one," said Anote. "You have no faith in white women. We will prove to you that they are better than you think. You can trust Anote."

"Swear to me by the Great Spirit that you will not tell it to any but the Gray Hair and his family, and you shall know."

"We will swear it."

"But, if the tribe threaten to kill you if you do not speak; what will you do then?"

"Still we will not tell; not even if the tribe should kill us for not telling. To make all sure, no one shall know but the Gray Hair."

"You may tell the Heavy Hand when he comes. But, I fear that he will come no more. I went away from the village three days ago. In a few days more the warriors will descend the river. If they do and you are not gone, they will slay all your friends and take you to Echotee for torture. Therefore, take canoes and go to the settlement by the big water. There you shall be safe, for the Indians fear the big guns and will not go there."

"Why did you not come here last night?"

"I am an Indian, and it was hard for me to betray my people. Besides, the black men ran away and I feared to come."

"Is this all you have to tell us?"

"It is all," replied the Indian rising and leaving the house without another word. It was a night of surprises. Just as they were about to enter the house, they saw another figure coming up from the river. While Katie was trying to make out who it was, Anote broke away from her and clasped the new-comer's hand, covering it with kisses. It was Richard, just returned from captivity. While they were seated in the house and he was recounting his adventures, Barden came in, and greeted his friend joyfully. Katie took her brother aside and told him what the Indian had said, telling him that it must be kept a secret even from Barden. He did not treat the subject lightly, and told her that they must follow the advice of the savage. As for telling Barden, he assured her that Barden knew enough about it already, and that he would take the responsibility of telling him. Early next morning he went to St. Simon's, determined to move his family to that place soon.

CHAPTER VII

THE SIGNAL ALARM.

RICHARD, in company with Barden, went directly to St Simon's Island, where he found the Governor of Georgia Oglethorpe. This man was eminently fitted for the responsible position he occupied, zealous in the service of his king, and having a sincere regard for the people placed under his care. A member of the British parliament and a friend of the unfortunate, he early conceived the idea of opening, for the poor of his own nation as well as for those of other countries, an asylum where they might worship without fear, and where their former poverty would not be a reproach to them. Being a favorite with the king, this enterprise met his majesty's approbation, and he gave him a grant of land between the Savannah and the Altamaha, extending westward to the Pacific. The grant extended to twenty-one years, as to a corporation. The new province was called Georgia.

This was in June of the year 1732. In November of the same year, Oglethorpe, with nearly one hundred and twenty emigrants, embarked for America. They touched first at Port Royal, then a flourishing settlement, and at St. Mary's. From the latter place they sailed north, up the Savannah, and laid the foundation of the future city on Yamacraw bluff. The town received its name from the Spanish name of the river. By an enlightened policy, Oglethorpe conciliated the lords of the soil by presents and good words, and the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed. Such a colony had been needed and its growth was very rapid. Of course, those who came over at first were poor; but, unluckily, they were not accustomed to work, and were poorly qualified to endure the hardships of a new country. The trustees of the corporation then invited emigrants of different habits; and their offers being liberal, large numbers of Swiss and Germans took advantage of their proposals. The regulations of the trustees forbade slavery, the use of rum, and all trade with the Indians without a special license.

Early in 1736 Oglethorpe returned to England, and came back with a large body of emigrants. In anticipation of war between England and Spain, he took pains to fortify his colony to meet danger, and before the close of the year, erected forts at Augusta, Darien, Frederika, Cumberland Island, St. Mary's river, and even as far as the St. John, claiming the territory to that river. But the Spaniards at St. Augustine complained of this near approach of the English, and sent commissioners to Oglethorpe, demanding, on his part, the evacuation of the country south of St. Helena sound; and in case he refused to comply, threatened him with war. Not being quite ready for war, the fort at St. John was abandoned, but that at St. Mary retained. This river afterward became the southern boundary of Georgia.

During the winter of 1736-7, Oglethorpe went to England to make preparations for the coming war. By his representations the king was led to see the necessity of defending the frontier. Oglethorpe received a commission as brigadier-general, and returned with six hundred effective men. In 1739, England declared war against Spain, and Oglethorpe, who had been impatiently waiting, began his preparations for an attack on St. Augustine. Early in 1740 he entered Florida with a select force of four hundred men from his regiment, some Carolina troops, and a large body of friendly Indians. A Spanish fort, some twenty-five miles from St. Augustine, surrendered after a short resistance; a second, within two miles, was abandoned, but the city resolutely refused to yield.

Oglethorpe laid siege to the place, and stationed ships at the entrance of the harbor to cut off supplies for the city. But Costello eluded the watchfulness of the blockaders, and forced his way into the harbor with a number of galleys, relieving the blockaded Spaniards. Oglethorpe was a good soldier, and seeing that the marsh fever was beginning to affect his troops, he wisely concluded to return to Savannah.

With this explanation, the reader will readily understand the posture of affairs when Richard Musgrove visited Oglethorpe. Two years had passed, and the Spaniards were gathering to attack the Governor in return for the scare he had given them in the year '40. Richard found the general in his house at Frederika, engaged in a consultation with his

officers. The young Carolina ranger was welcomed, and was invited to join in the consultation.

"We are laying our plans," said the general. "A swift schooner, just in, informs me that a Spanish fleet, of thirty-six sail, is on the way to attack us. To meet them I have only eight hundred men, putting aside the Indians, many of whom are disaffected. What would you advise?"

"To meet them boldly; to make every rod of soil a Spaniard's grave. My word for it, we will make this place too hot for them," said Dick.

"You say well; but how?"

"Our men are braver than theirs, and will be fighting for their homes, and these marauders shall feel it. I must tell you that the settlers along the river have cause for fear. Send an express up the river, stopping at every house, and order all to make for the forts. The Indians will be down upon them in three days. There must be no delay."

"How do you know this?" said Oglethorpe, startled by the assertion.

"I am not at liberty to tell," replied the young man, careful of the safety of Naoman. "But this I know: my information is trustworthy, and you must look to it. The men will be needed here, at any rate, and their families will be safer if taken by the Spaniards than if taken by the Indians. The women and children, at least, will be safe."

"What would you advise?"

"Our place is sixty miles up the stream. Let a swift horseman ride at once, and send those below our place to Savannah. The rest can go to Augusta. You can have the men come to you from Savannah, and the women stay there."

"What is the Indian plan?"

"To sweep the country between the two rivers. The remnant of the Yemassee and the Uchees, with the northern Creeks, are engaged in this conspiracy."

"Will you be the messenger?"

"I think it would be better to send Barden, for I have my family to care for. I shall send them to this place or Port Royal; you have the strongest force here."

"How did you come?"

"On horseback. I shall send them in the same way."

"Then lose no time. Is your horse a good one, Barden?"

"He has been ridden hard; it is fifty miles from the bend on the river to this place."

"Find my servant and order him to take out Black Diamond for your use. Do not spare whip and spur, for much depends upon your speed. How much time did you say we have to spare, Richard?"

"This is the tenth; on the fourteenth the blow is to be struck."

"Then away with you both; lose no time. Give good heed to your sister, Richard. Our gallants can ill afford to spare her. Ah, Captain Lacy! Did that touch you? Never blush, man. To be chosen by Katharine Musgrove is an honor coveted by many a man in Georgia to-day. Where will you send your negroes, Richard? We won't have them here, remember."

"I shall send them to Charleston. There are no hostile Indians in that country."

"Good-by, then, and speed you on your way."

Barden and Musgrove took their leave, and the latter took out the horse which the General had lent him. Musgrove's horse was fresh, and in a few minutes they were spurring across the open country in the direction of the Savannah, striking in an oblique direction. Through the country were scattered many settlers, whom they warned as they rode. At their signal, the men collected their little valuables and started for the nearest post. It was on the morning of the next day that they struck the river, just below the house, and signaled Cudjo on the other bank. He had sad news for them.

During the day upon which the young men started downstream, Katie and Anote left the house and went a little way down the river. While there, the negroes were startled by a shrill cry, and rushing in the direction of the sound, they found Anote screaming on the bank, while a canoe was leaving the shore containing an Indian and Costello, the latter of whom carried Katie, who had fainted, in his arms. Cudjo fired his blunderbuss at them, without any other effect than to prostrate him upon the bank—the result of a recoil. Anote's account was more connected. They were walking together,

when they came suddenly upon the two men concealed by the bushes. They seized Katie, and bore her away, in spite of her shrieks and protestations.

"There is no time to lose, then. Anote must guide our family to Port Royal, and I will follow on the trail of the villain who has robbed me of my sister."

"No," said Anote, "I will not leave you again. Let the black men take the Gray Hair to Port Royal; I will follow you."

"But the way is long, and you will grow weary."

"Anote is not a child," she replied. "Her feet have trod long paths before now, and she will follow Musgrove even to death. Go to the Gray Hair. Tell him that you go to seek his child, and then we will go."

In a short time, this arrangement was made. Determined not to trust his father alone on the perilous road to Frederika, he sent him in charge of the negro, Pete, to Charleston; while Cudjo, much to his disgust, was forced into the service to follow the captive girl.

When Katie came to herself, she was reposing in the arms of Costello, in the bushes on the southern bank of the river. Her first thought was to scream, but he covered her face with his hand, and threatened her if she dared to cry out. Then lifting her in his arms, he bore her to his horse, to whose back he lifted her, and took his seat behind. The Indian ran at his side, after destroying the canoe. Turning a little to the west, to keep clear of the settled regions, they hurried on at a rapid pace. In two days they reached the vicinity of Frederika, which, however, the Spaniard did not approach, but camped in a close hiding-place. Two more days passed, and they were joined by a large body of Uchees, under the command of Echotee.

"A dog of our tribe has betrayed us," said the chief, addressing Costello. "When the day came, the Uchees drew their knives and hatchets. But they put them back bloodless, for the Yengees were all in their forts. Where is the white girl you have taken?"

"She is here," replied Costello. "What do you want with her?"

"She knows who hath betrayed us. We will have his name. If she does not tell it we will slay her."

"She is mine," said Costello, fiercely. "You dare not lay a hand upon my prisoner."

"Echotee is chief of the Uchees. He only claims justice. She knows who hath betrayed the Uchees to the Yengees. Let her speak his name. It will be better for her. There are many warriors on the war-trail, and they have taken only one scalp. The Gray Hair was gone. We can not find one of the Yengees. How could they know we were about to strike, unless some *Indian* was false to his oath and to his tribe?"

"You are at liberty to question her," said Costello, "but you shall not harm her."

"The Silver Knife must beware how he stands in the way of Echotee. He has forgotten that he is all alone, and that there are four hundred warriors at my back. Where is the white girl?"

Costello understood the menace implied by these words, and spoke to Katie, telling her what the chief required.

"Tell the chief," she answered, "that he will never learn from me *how* I got my information. It is enough that all the whites are safe; and if, by the sacrifice of my poor life, I have been able to save them, I am ready to die."

Costello repeated her words to the chief. He looked at the girl admiringly.

"Say to the white girl," he said, "that she is very brave, and fit to be the wife of a warrior; but Echotee must know who has betrayed the Uchees. It is fit that he should die for his crime. Was it Occoonee, who stole my daughter from the Corn Spirit?"

"It was *not*," replied Katie.

"Then who was it?"

"I will not tell you," said the brave girl. "When it was told to me, I said, 'I will not tell, even though the chief should slay me for keeping silence.'"

She looked down the line of grim warriors, and saw Noman standing not far off, leaning on his bow. The face of the old man was troubled, and he was listening intently to the words of the girl. Echotee took his hatchet from his belt and faced the prisoner.

"White girl," he said, "you must speak. It is known that you were the one to whom the traitor spoke. Let his name be heard, that we may kill him before you, as an example to all traitors in the time to come."

"I will not tell you," said the young girl, firmly. "Though you kill me, I will be firm. My word has been given, and I will keep it."

"Think again, child," said the chief. "You are young to die. Rather speak, and live to be the wife of a chief."

"I will not!" was still her reply.

He lifted the hatchet, and Costello had drawn his sword half-way from the scabbard, determined to kill the chief sooner than allow her to be destroyed, when Naoman spoke.

"Let her go free," he said. "She has a brave heart. I am the one who betrayed you. Let me bear the punishment."

The old chief looked majestic, as he drew Katie aside and stood before Echotee. It had been a hard struggle. The heart of the man was of the earth, and he clung to life; but he had spoken in time to save her.

"White woman," he said, "thou hast kept thy word to me at the last moment. Chief Echotee, I am the traitor. I have eaten the bread of the Gray Hair; I have warmed myself at his fire; I have slept beside his hearth. I am a withered trunk, without sap or leaves, and it matters little how soon I fall to the ground. But this young woman has much to live for. Let her live, and let me go to the spirit ground."

A universal yell of execration burst through the ranks of the savages; there was a movement in the direction of the traitor, who stood unmoved, glancing from face to face of the throng, in all of which he did not see sympathy in a single countenance. Costello, with a sigh of relief, returned his sword to its sheath.

"Stand forward, Naoman, chief of the Uchees," cried Echotee. "You are guilty of a great crime. Speak, chiefs and warriors, shall the traitor die?"

A yell of assent went pealing to the sky. Naoman wrapped his blanket about him and advanced to the feet of Echotee. Katie sprung forward, and grasped the descending arm.

"Girl!" thundered the chief, "come not between the roused

panther and his prey. This man was my friend. I loved him. But the hand which would have killed my child because she loved a Yengee, will not falter now. Away, I say, and leave me to my work."

"Spare him!" Katie implored. "He spared me. He saved me all."

"Let him ever be accursed for that deed. No Indian's hand will give him burial. No fire shall be lighted to show the way to the happy hunting-grounds of my people. But he is a chief; he must die by the hand of a chief."

"You will not kill him."

"I would kill my father in his place. Silver Knife, take the woman away. Why does she thrust her tongue into the councils of brave men?"

Costello took her by the arm.

"Come away," he said. "You can do no good. Turn away your head; the chief is going to strike."

Katie covered her face with both hands and bent her head. She heard the rush of the descending ax, and when she looked up, Naoman lay dead upon the greensward, with a gory mark upon his brow. He had fought his last battle, but he died a brave man. Costello led Katie away; several warriors took up the body of the slain and bore it away into the woods where they left it unburied, the worst disgrace that could befall a brave. Katie looked at the chief, and could hardly believe that he was the man who had, a moment before, slain his best friend. An almost tender light had come into his face, as he stood by himself, looking dreamily into the coming gloom.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BELLIGERENT CAMPS.

AFTER the death of Naoman, the party did not linger long upon the spot, but struck out for the coast. As they neared St. Simon's sound, Katie saw, through the trees, a forest of shipping, lying at anchor in the sound, with the flag of Spain

fluttering from every mast-head. This was the great fleet from St. Augustine and Havana, to repay the visit of Oglethorpe in the year 1740. But Katie was surprised. She had been kept in ignorance of the object of the journey until this moment.

"You see yonder," said Costello, "the fleet and army of Spain. We will teach this boasting Englishman that Spain is a power not to be derided by any nation on earth."

"Is there to be war, then?"

"Ay," replied the Spaniard. "My nation does not take an insult tamely. And now hear me. You have asked me half a dozen times since we left the river *why* I have taken you from your home. I answer, that I love you dearly, and would make you my wife. I knelt upon the greensward, last night, and swore an oath before God. Would you know what it was?"

"An oath is impious. The Bible forbids it. The commandment says, 'Swear not at all.'"

"I have little to do with Bibles or commandments," said the young Spaniard, with a sneer. "To mutter an 'ave,' now and then, or give the priest a gold piece to say it for me, is as far as my religion goes. But, that does not matter. I swore that if you could not be mine, neither should you be another's, and that I would kill you with my own hand sooner than let you be taken by the English. Yield to your fate gracefully, since yield you must. Promise to be my wife, and I will throw up my commission and sail in one of yonder ships to my own loved Spain. Think what I offer you. A grandee of old Spain, heir to a title, one of a nation which has been foremost in discoveries and conquests in the new world."

"I have given you my answer, sir. You may do with me as you will. But I have friends who will revenge my wrongs."

"Let them look to it that they do not come in the way of my plans," he replied, hoarsely. "But, forward."

They pressed on to the shore of the sound. A signal from Costello brought a boat from one of the men-of-war, in which Katie and the Spaniard embarked, and crossed the sound to the Spanish camp, which had been constructed at the west side of the island of St. Simon. Here they had

erected a battery of twenty guns, and made preparations to attack Oglethorpe at Frederika. The Spaniard conducted Katie to his tent, and then sought out the Spanish commander.

"Good-day, Manuel," he said. "I am glad you have come. Who is this lady you have brought into the camp?"

"She is to be my wife," said Costello, cooly. "She is the sister of the celebrated Indian agent, Richard Musgrove."

"Indeed! I wish we could lay hands on her brother. He has done us great harm. There is but one other whom it would please me to take as well, and that is the ranger, Barden."

"I have seen him. They were both in the Indian country when I was there. They were taken by the Indians, but escaped. Barden beat me in a sword-fight, and gave me this cut upon the crown. I will find means to pay him yet. Have you sent out scouts to ascertain the position of Oglethorpe?"

"Yes; but he is a wary old soldier, and my best efforts can not get a man near his camp. He has scouts scattered all along his front. Can you not suggest something?"

"Try a flag of truce?"

"I have done so; and he had an officer meet it outside his lines. So I gained nothing by that."

"He is a good soldier," said Costello. "I shall get ahead of him, though. There is a Frenchman in his regiment whom I can seduce to our side. He owes me friendship, for I saved his life once upon a time."

"What is his name?"

"Claude Provaire."

"Is there any way of communicating with him?"

"I will try. Let me go and see."

"Go, and good luck go with you."

Costello left the camp, after getting the password, and walked along the beach of the sound until he saw the muskets of the scouts of Oglethorpe gleaming through the trees. Seeing that he was discovered, he threw a white handkerchief over his arm as a signal of truce, and advanced boldly. A scout stepped out and challenged him. Costello gave a start, and extended his hand.

"Is it indeed you, Claude Provaire? The very man I wish

to see. What are you doing here? Is this the service for a man of your talents?"

"Speak lower," said Provaire, in a hurried whisper. "This is the luckiest meeting I ever heard of. Were you coming here to meet me?"

"I came with that hope. I did not expect to meet you so soon."

"I have not forgotten you, Manuel Costello, nor your kindness to me. You say truly, that this is not the service for me; but what can I do? A man must live, and the service of Oglethorpe was the best I could find. When I know a better I will leave it. But we must not be seen talking here. Return as you came, and I will meet you by yonder blasted pine, to-night, at twelve o'clock."

"Can you get out?"

"Yes. I have the freedom of the camp. I am a scout. Parbleu! The son of a French gentleman a common scout in the service of an Englishman! My ancestors would rise from their graves if they knew it."

"You will not fail me?"

"No. Trust me."

"And you will not bring the English down upon me? Beware, Claude Provaire! If you play me false I will find a time and place to cut your heart from your breast. You know me, Claude, and that I am a man of my word. See to it that you do not make it necessary for me to keep it to the letter."

"Have no fear," said the Frenchman. "When you saved me from the hands of the savages, I swore to remember the service, and I will do it. Come without fear to the tryst. If you hear the owl hoot twice, a night-hawk cry, and then an owl hoot three times, you may know that all is safe. But if the owl calls twice the last time, keep back, for I shall be in danger."

"Let it be as you say. I will be sure to come."

The Spaniard returned to camp, and reported his success to the general. They remained quiet that day. At nightfall he placed guards and waited anxiously for midnight. When it came, Costello left the camp, went to the appointed place, and lay down in a thick covert, fearing that the scouts might

see him in passing. A few moments after, he heard the owl hoot twice, and then the night-hawk utter its melancholy scream. Two minutes after, he heard the signal of safety, "Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! tu-whoo!" He waited patiently, and in a very short time the Frenchman appeared.

"I have had trouble with a picket, who did not know me," he said, "or I should have been here before—a curse upon him!"

"Now you are here, I wish to show you that you are doing wrong in serving the English. First, they are the enemies of your nation. Nature made you enemies, and it is sickening to see you friendly with them."

"It is far from my desire to remain with them if I can do better," said the Frenchman. "Show me how I can better my condition."

"That is easily done. Join us."

"What inducement?"

"A position of trust, and five hundred crowns in gold."

"It is a bargain! Shall I go with you now?"

"I think not. If you stay in the camp of the English you can do us more service than if you go with me now. The truth is, I do not fully trust our general. He is not a good soldier. Had I his force, I would not hesitate a moment, but attack Oglethorpe, and prove which was the better man. Can you tell me if a ranger named Barden is in Frederika?"

"He was there a few days ago, but was sent away by Oglethorpe. He will return, however. He is captain of the scouts."

"Is Richard Musgrove there?"

"No; he left with Barden. I believe he brought information of the contemplated rising of the Indians, and took measures to save the settlers. At any rate, Frederika is full of them. They left their families at Charleston and Savannah. The scoundrels will fight hard. You do not understand the temper of these Georgia men. They are poor, hard-fisted fellows; and those who came over last, the Swiss and Scotch, would fight sooner than eat."

"Who goes there?" cried a harsh voice, at this moment.

"'Tis our lieutenant of scouts," whispered the Frenchman

"Hide in the bushes, and meet me to-morrow night at this place. The same signal as before. Away!"

Costello concealed himself near at hand, and soon after heard the Frenchman in conversation with his officer.

"You are behaving strangely of late, Claude Provaire," he said. "I hope you are not thinking of turning traitor."

"You are my officer," said Claude, hotly, "but if you say I am a traitor, it is a foul lie."

"If you are innocent, I blame you not for speaking to your officer in that manner. I do not accuse you. I simply say that I hope you have no such thoughts. As I came up just now I thought I heard two voices. Who sent you out to night?"

"Sergeant Wiltsie."

"Were you talking with some one else just now?"

"I thought I heard some one in the bushes, and called out; that is all."

"Very good. You had better go nearer to the Spanish camp and see if you can make out any thing about their force. Bring a report to me in two hours. I shall stay here."

"It shall be done, lieutenant. Curse him!" he muttered. "I have a mind to kill him where he stands."

He restrained himself, and walked hastily away. Soon after, when the lieutenant became silent, Costello crept cautiously after the Frenchman, and caught up with him near the Spanish camp. Here they held a long conference, ending in the return of the Frenchman to the English camp (where he told a fearful tale of the strength and resources of the enemy), and in the sending out of an expedition by the Spaniards designed to capture a party of English, who were about to cross the sound and join the army of Oglethorpe. This was a force of about ninety men, whom Barden had picked up at various points, and of whose coming the Frenchman had been in some way apprised. Two hundred men left the Spanish camp and crossed the island to the point where the party had designed to land, under the command of Costello, who rejoiced at the opportunity of measuring swords with the redoubtable ranger, Barden. As they passed through a thick wood on their way to the place of landing, they were surprised by a rattling volley of musketry, under which they

recoiled and turned to fly. Costello was a brave man, and his voice rung out like a trumpet, calling on the men to rally and face their unseen foes. The only way in which they could tell any thing of the position of the enemy was by puffs of white smoke rising on both sides and in front. But a panic had seized the party, and they fell back in great haste, followed by the fire of Barden's men. It was the ranger who had met them. Knowing the ground perfectly, he had taken an advantageous position, and had been successful in his first essay. The Spanish general, hearing the firing, sent three hundred men to reinforce Costello. Barden, apprised of the tumult in the distant camp, and knowing its meaning, fell back; and when the reinforcement arrived, not an Englishman was to be seen.

Not knowing that this was the party of which he was in search, Costello would not abandon his original intention, and once more advanced for the purpose before stated. Half a mile further, as the troops were passing between a swamp on one side and a thick wood on the other, a fearful volley from concealed infantry was poured into their ranks, and the yells of an Indian force rose on the clear morning air. In vain the fiery Costello called upon his troops, by their ancient fame, by the name of Cortez, of Pizarro and De Soto, to charge into the thicket and drive the skulking Englishmen and Indians from their cover. All would not do. They rushed blindly to and fro, cut down by every fresh volley, with hardly a chance of escape.

"Surrender!" cried Barden, in a lull of the firing. "You are sacrificing your men in vain, Costello."

"Never will I surrender to you, scoundrel that you are. I have been betrayed. The cursed coward of a Frenchman has destroyed me. Fire away."

"Then, God have mercy on you all. Fire!"

Another withering volley tore through the ranks of the Spaniards, stretching a number of them bleeding on the sod. Costello gathered about one hundred men, and with them broke through the ambuscade in the direction of his camp, in spite of Barden's efforts to stop him. The success was a great one, however. Of a force of four hundred men, more than two thirds were either killed or taken prisoners. Costello

"He returned to camp in no very pleasant mood, and made his way
pl⁵ to the tent of his general to inform him of his poor success. Barden led his men and prisoners to Frederika, where he received the commendation of his general. The Frenchman heard of the victory with ill-concealed chagrin. He saw that the captain of scouts looked on him with a suspicious eye, and he determined to gather what news he could of the designs of Og'lethorpe, and leave him for good.

The chance came that night. The scouts had brought in word that the last of the series of Spanish camps was isolated, and a sudden attack could carry it with ease. Oglethorpe called a council of his officers and determined to make the attack that night. Secrecy was the main hope, and if that could not be maintained, the attempt would be useless. Nothing was said to the soldiers until evening on parade, when Oglethorpe addressed them. He told them that the attempt was dangerous, and that he asked no one to go where he would not go himself—that he would lead them in person. He then called on them to volunteer, and every one of the eight hundred was ready. Pleased with their promptness, he chose one-half, told them to be ready to march at a moment's warning, and then dismissed them. The Frenchman not being one of those chosen for the enterprise, was all anxiety, wishing to get to the Spaniards in time to apprise Costello of the coming of the English. As soon as he had an opportunity, he strolled out of the camp. On the way out, he met Barden, coming in.

"Where are you going?" asked the latter.

"The general is going to attack the Spaniards to-night, and he has sent me out to do a little scouting before he starts. You know he trusts me."

"The more's the pity," muttered Barden, under his breath. "Be quick with your report. We do not want to be kept waiting on your account."

"No fear of that. You shall hear from me in ample time," replied Provaire.

Which was indeed true. They did hear from him, to their cost. The sentries allowed him to pass out, as scouts were permitted to do. Barden went directly into camp, where he met his friend, Captain Lacy, the affianced of Katie Musgrove.

His face was pale with contending passions, and his lips quivered with anguish. He had just heard the story of Katie's capture from the lips of one of Barden's men. A single look at his face convinced the ranger that he had heard the truth. Nothing else could have moved him in this manner.

"Bear it like a man," said he. "All men have their burdens. I have had mine; you have found yours. Take it up and bear it."

"You never loved as I love, Barden. You never lost your sweetheart in this dreadful way. What has been her fate?" said Lacy.

"You think because I am rough and harsh that I do not know what it is to love a woman, captain. You are wrong. Even I, the rough ranger, have had my dream. What matter? It was *only* a dream, and has gone, like many another, and has not left a trace. I do not think Katie has been injured. The man who has abducted her is a white man, and, whatever his faults, and they are many, he is at least a *brave* man and skillful soldier. If it were not so, he could not have escaped the toils I made for him to-day. Coming here with my men, we struck the trail of a party of Indians, and among the tracks I saw those of a white man and girl. I know that these are Costello and Miss Katie. She is probably at this time in the Spanish camp. There she will be safe."

"Where is Richard?"

"I am concerned about him. He left in company with Cudjo and Anote, to follow the trail of those who had taken his sister. He should have come in before now. I am afraid he has fallen into the hands of the chief. It would go hard with them both if they were taken now, for both have been doomed to the stake by the laws of the Indians, and if they are taken again, nothing can save them. The chief is especially incensed against poor Dick, and I do not know what may happen. When we have sent these Spaniards back to St. Augustine, I shall take a party and go in search of them."

"I will go with you."

"I don't know about that. Of all the unreasonable things I ever saw, the worst of all is a young lover going in search of his lady. I don't think you can go."

"You can not keep me away. I will go with you," cried Lacy.

"Let us decide that afterward. I must see the general. He has sent out a fellow on a scout whom I do not trust. Ah, here he comes."

Oglethorpe emerged from the tent, and approached the captain of scouts. "I am glad to see you, Barden. We intend to attack the enemy to-night, and I want you to send a trusty scout to look after the position of the eastern camp of the enemy. Let him make haste."

"You have already sent a scout for that very purpose, have you not?" said Barden, in surprise.

"Certainly not, sir; what do you mean?"

"I met Claude Provaire, just leaving the camp, and when I questioned him, he said that you had sent him out for that purpose."

Oglethorpe called to a trumpeter who was passing, and ordered him to sound the "Assembly." When the troops had gathered, he ordered them into quarters, simply telling them that their services would not be needed that night.

"Why did you do that?" said one of his officers.

"Claude has deserted," he said. "The game is up."

CHAPTER IX

FOLLOWING TRAIL.

THE small party with which Dick set out upon the trail of the abductor of Katie could not hope to do any thing by force. He found the forest girl of the greatest service in following the track. Her experience in woodcraft, and her knowledge of Indian customs, made her services invaluable, much to the disgust of Cudjo, who could not bear to be led by an Indian girl. His broad nose was turned up too much by nature to admit of any further elevation, but there was a continual wrinkle at the corners of that organ, which betokened his scorn of the whole proceeding. Besides this,

Cudjo, for all his braggadocio, was not at all in love with Indian fighting. It was far easier to fight them with his tongue than with the instruments of deadly war. Every bush was a warrior armed for battle; every bird starting out of the cover was an arrow to his heart. Richard saw that he was frightened, and deeply regretted having brought him out upon the perilous expedition. He feared that in the event of danger, the negro would be much in the way.

"Say, Marse Dick," he would say. "Whar de mischief y'ra a-gwine now? Ise tired, I is. I wants to rest, I do. We can't cotch up wid dem fellers, *we* can't. Le's go back and get Marse Barden, and a lot of dem sojer fellers."

"The 'sojer fellers' are all at Frederika," said the young man, "and the trail leads us in that direction. As long as it does, we are nearer to getting help."

"But Ise *tired*, I is. 'Tain't fa'r in you to ax an old nigger like me to go along o' you so fur."

"Be quiet! Are you not ashamed of yourself? Look at this girl. Have you heard any complaints from her lips?"

"No, I ain't; w'at ob dat? She's used to it, ain't she, say? She kin tramp de woods, all day ef she like, can't she? Well, I ain't dat kind ob cattle, and I don't like it. You don't spose you can get Missee Katie when you cotch dem, if ever ye *do* cotch dem, does yer? Well, ye can't. Dar's *Injins* wid dem. Dey'll eat we clean up, dey will. Oh, Lord, I wish Ise dead, I does!"

"So do I," said Richard, provoked beyond all patience. "Now, you rascal, I will tell you what will happen if I hear another word from you unless I ask you to speak. I will cut some switches from that hickory and give you a hiding. It has been cooking for you a long time, you scoundrel! How dare you speak in that manner, while my poor sister is in the hands of such a villain as Costello?"

Cudjo subsided, knowing by his young master's tone that he was not in a mood to be trifled with. Soon after, they halted for a meal. While Richard struck a light and kindled a fire, Anote prepared some venison steaks, which her lover had carried in his pouch, and laid them on the coals. The simple meal was soon concluded, and they were once more ready for the march. They had accidentally halted near the

place where Costello and his prisoner had camped for food. The moment Anote saw these signs, she uttered a cry of surprise, and went down on her knees to examine. It was here that they determined not to follow the trail further, for on a stone near by was a paper on which was drawn a rough sketch of a hand pointing to the sea. A grove of pine trees, and the symbol of the chief Echotee, a panther crouching for a spring.

"What is it?" said Richard.

"The chief is coming soon," she said. "This talking paper is for Echotee. It tells him the Silver Knife will wait for him in the woods near the great water. The chief will come with his warriors, he will not find the Yengees and will be very angry. If we should fall into his hands we should die."

"Is Anote afraid to die?" said Richard.

"When they bound me to the stake, and Occoonee came with his hatchet to kill me, you were looking on. Did my cheek grow pale or my lips tremble? If I wish to live, it is because I love you; if I fear to die at all, it is for *you*."

"And I will be worthy of such love!" said Richard. "You devoted girl! you heroine! What shall we do?"

"Your sister will be safe. Costello is taking her to the camp of the Spanish. The white men are very tender with their women. They do not make them labor; they speak soft words to them, and will fight in their defense. It is not so with the Indian. He sits at his wigwam door, and smokes while his squaw works in the corn-field. The Spaniard will not suffer the Silver Knife to wrong her."

"You are right; but she is not there yet, and while they are together in the forest, she is in danger hourly. Cudjo, you blockhead, what are you jumping about for in that absurd way?"

"Oh, Lord! Oh, good gracious!" cried Cudjo. "I seen him! Oh, de Lord golly!"

"What is the matter?" shouted the irate young man, seizing the negro by the collar. "Speak, before I shake you out of your shoes!"

"I seen him," cried Cudjo; "I seen an Injin mor'n forty feet high, jump behind dat bush."

made a camp by the side of a spring, gushing out of the side of a little hillock. Richard, by Cudjo's aid, constructed a shelter of fine branches and made a bed of boughs, over which he spread his blanket for the use of Anote. He was used to camping in the woods, and in this pleasant weather it was no hardship to sleep upon the soft green turf with heaven's canopy overhead. Though somewhat fatigued, they did not lie down after eating their frugal repast, but sat talking in the calm and balmy air, long after Cudjo was snoring at their feet. Fatigue at last induced Anote to seek her couch, and Richard drew his coat closer round him and lay down under the sheltering branches of a pine. He had not intended to sleep, but the drowsy god had won him before he was aware, and all in the camp were fast asleep.

The hours passed, and then Richard's dreams were broken by sudden cries, and he woke to find Cudjo struggling with some one in the shadow of the tree under which he had been lying. A confused sound of blows, oaths and yells, rose on the still evening air. Anote had started up in great alarm, and rushed into the open air. Richard grasped his pistols and hurried to the scene of conflict, and found Cudjo grappling with an Indian, and bestowing on him the soundest drubbing ever given to mortal. In a combat of this kind, the short, sinewy arms of the negro gave him the advantage, and his peculiar mode of fighting was too much for the savage. Throwing his arms about the body of his antagonist, he butted him repeatedly about the face and breast, the thick woolly head bobbing about like a jack-in-the-box. As they rolled over and over in the fight it was impossible for Richard to aid the negro, and he stood idly by waiting for the battle to be decided one way or the other.

"He all grease!" shouted Cudjo; "can't hold de debble. Take dat, will you; you keepee still, tell you. Dar's a butt! an' dar's anudder! an' dar's a wuss one, right in de meat!"

All at once they rolled over in the fray, the side of the Indian's head was for a moment exposed, and Richard struck him with a stick which he had seized. Receiving the blow full upon the temple, the hold of the savage relaxed, and he fell prostrate, a little stream of blood flowing out upon the grass.

"I know him now," said Anote, looking at his face by the light of the moon. "It is Occoonce. He is dead!"

"I am sorry I killed the rascal," said Richard, "for he certainly saved your life. How did this happen, Cudjo? It is strange that I fell asleep."

"'Clar for't I dunno how it did happen, Marse Dick. All dat I knows is dis. I was a sleepin like a little chile under dat tree and not a hurtin' nobody, when dat red nigger come long and stumbled ober me as I lay under de tree. Course when he fell on me, and gin to take hole ob my wool, den I cotched him round de body and gin to fite. bes' I knew how. I licked him like de berry dogs, dat I know."

"What could have been his object?"

"Dunno nothing 'bout his *object*. All I know is dat he go for dis poor nigger's wool powe'ful. Mak' me feel right bad, 'deed he did. But I licked him. De cantankerous ole red nigger ought to know better whose wool he a troubling, all de time."

"Occoonce loved Anote," said the soft voice of the Indian girl. "A bad spirit possessed him. He would not let him rest night and day. He was coming to kill Musgrove and take Anote. Very wicked was the spirit in the heart of the warrior Occoonce. And now he is dead."

"Let us go and dig a grave for him," said Richard. They had not gone ten paces from him when they were startled by a cry from the lips of Anote and turning back, they saw the Indian upon his feet running for the bushes. Before Richard could get to his gun he was gone. The rage of Cudjo was great beyond description. He heaped every abusive epithet upon the head of the Indian and bewailed the fact that he had not knocked him on the head when he was at his mercy. What troubled him most was that the Indian was at liberty and in condition to "go a-meddling wid decent niggers' ha'r." Richard was as much troubled as the negro, for he did not like 't that the vindictive warrior should know where they were, and have the opportunity to lay plots for their destruction. One thing he thought sure, and that was, he dared not to return to his tribe. For the daring act which had saved Anote from the stake and which had given Barden an opportunity to escape, he had been outlawed. Since that time he had hung

about the Musgrove plantations, trying in every way to get possession of the Indian girl. But the vigilance of the negroes had baffled him in every instance. He had seen them leave the cabin and had followed on their trail through the whole day. Once, while lingering near them and trying to get a shot at Richard, he had been discovered by the negro, ever on the alert for "red niggers," for whom he had very little regard. When they went into camp for the night, he was creeping into it with the intention of killing Richard first, as the enemy most to be feared, and then turning his attention to the negro. But crawling forward with his eyes upon his destined prey, he stumbled over Cudjo, with the results which we have seen.

"Blasted ole nigger," said Cudjo. "S'pose now he'll go roun' ebbery whar dodgin' in de bushes, shootin' arrers at me cause I butt him in de stumjack; but I gin it to him, *good*. I put into him de wust I knew how. I shall hev to c'rect dat animal yet."

After some trouble, Richard induced the negro to lie down and rest, while he watched. Cudjo, in doubt whether his master might not fall asleep again, slept with one eye open, thinking it possible that the savage might make up his mind to return, an event not at all to his taste. But no such thing happened. He rose early, felt of his scalp to make sure that it was still on his head, and went about preparing breakfast before Anote came from the shelter. When they had eaten, they set out cautiously, keeping clear of the thickets, which might hide an enemy. By rapid walking they reached the Altamaha that day at noon, and made a camp near the bank. They had not been seated at their dinner five minutes when they were apprized of the presence of an enemy by the whizzing of an arrow, and a howl of pain from Cudjo. Turning quickly, Richard saw that he had been struck by an arrow, the feathered shaft of which quivered just above his heel. Leaving him to take care of himself, Richard hastily pulled Anote into the cover of a tree and looked about for his enemy, whom he knew could be no other than Occoonce. The arrow had no doubt been meant for Richard, for so close had it come that it passed over his shoulder as he sat, and hit Cudjo, who was gathering sticks for the fire further down the stream. After the shot, Occoonce plunged into the stream

and dove when Richard fired, easily eluding his shot. Before he could fire again the Indian had placed a small island in the river between himself and the rifle on the shore.

Richard could not but admire the pertinacity with which the Indian followed them, though it annoyed him very much. He hit upon a plan for bothering the savage, which he soon put into execution. At this point on the river there was no cover for a long distance, except on the island before mentioned. A raft was soon constructed, upon which they passed over to the island, from which Richard got a flying shot at Occoonce, who was not yet out of range, and wounded him slightly. This shot, while it did not harm him to any great degree, exasperated the savage more. He sought a shelter, where he dressed his wound and concerted a plan to get at the hated white man.

In the mean time Richard made a camp upon the island, and by Cudjo's aid, began the construction of a raft which was to convey them down-stream, a distance of twelve miles

CHAPTER X.

THE CROWNING STRUGGLE.

ECHOTEE had not crossed to the island to assist his white allies, but kept his position upon the mainland, where he cut off stragglers and interrupted Oglethorpe's communication with the colony of South Carolina. He was not satisfied with the way in which the war was conducted, and importuned the Spanish commander to attack Oglethorpe, well knowing that the Spaniards numbered more than three to one, and could hardly fail to win the victory. But the Spaniards were considerably cowed by the experience of Costello with the rangers of Barden, and did not care to make the attack. On the day of the ambuscade, the Indians were surprised by the sudden arrival of Occoonce, footsore and haggard, with blood upon his garments from a recent wound. He made his way through the camp, followed by the jeers and threats of the savages who

had banished him from the tribe. A warrior went to Echotee and told him who had come. The chief strode from his lodge, hatchet in hand, ready to sacrifice the audacious intruder. Something in his face stayed the hand of the angry man, and his hatchet dropped at his side.

"Occoonee, you have been doomed by the law of the tribe, and I am come to kill you. What have you to say that I should not leave you to the buzzards?"

"Occoonee is not a fool. He knew that he was doomed. He is sorry for what he has done and will do all he can to make the wrong good. Would the chief like to lay hands upon Musgrove and Anote?"

"Do you know where to find them?"

"Yes."

"Bring me to the place where they are, and you shall be again a warrior in the tribe."

"It shall be done," said Occoonee. "See the blood upon me. It was shed by the Heavy Hand, who is on the river, half a day's journey away, with Anote, once the daughter of Echotee."

"It is good," said the chief. "You shall not die if you show us where they are. They shall die if they are taken. The Spaniards are dogs. They fear the Yengees, who are the sons of dogs. I hate them both, but I hate the Yengees most of all. Let us go and take the Heavy Hand and my child and burn them with fire."

The chief chose twenty of his bravest men, those who could be depended on in any emergency, and left the remainder of his warriors in charge of the next chief, the father of Occoonee. Occoonee himself went with the party of Echotee, in the capacity of guide. They made a rapid march, and, as night came, were opposite the island upon which the young man had taken refuge. Cudjo, who was on the watch, saw their forms flit ghost-like along the bank of the stream, and apprised his master of their coming. Accustomed to the periodical frights of Cudjo, Richard paid no attention to him, until warned by various suspicious signs upon the shore that more than one enemy was there. During the time they had staid there, they had constructed a strong raft, with a sort of breastwork, consisting of two logs fastened one on the top of

the other on each side. The young man had intended to embark in the morning, and trusted to the current to take them down to Frederika. He doubted his ability to steer such a craft safely in the night, and for this reason would not leave the island when the Indians first appeared. It was one of those beautiful, cloudless nights common to the southern climate, when objects upon the river-bank were plainly visible. This was in their favor. The savages had no boats, and no means to cross to the island. Richard did not think they were aware of the presence of the raft, which he had ready for embarkation upon the bank opposite that upon which the Indians were stationed. Their presence was traced to the influence of the vindictive Occoonce, but Richard could not think who they were, for he had supposed that the young savage would not dare to seek the aid of Echotee. They were soon put out of doubt, for the chief made his appearance and called upon Richard by the name by which he was best known among the Indians, from his prowess in fighting the panther.

"Can the Panther Slayer hear?" he said.

"His ears are open," said Richard, speaking in the figurative language usually adopted in speaking with the Indians; "who calls him?"

"Echotee, chief of the Uchees. He has come to claim the promise made to him by the Savannah."

"The time has not come," replied Richard. "I will keep my word with you; but I will not fight you now."

"Then come to the shore and bring with you the wretched child who has defied the laws of her tribe, and dares to *live* when they have told her that she should *die*. We will have her."

"Not while I have breath."

"Then we will come and take her."

"You will not find the path strewn with roses," said Richard angrily. "Come on."

The conversation abruptly ended, and sharp yells rose along the bank, accompanied by a cloud of long arrows, which came whistling through the bushes in every direction. Richard called out to Anote to keep close, and sent a shot at a skulking savage on the bank, and had the satisfaction of seeing his heels fly into the air, and his body strike the earth.

with a force which could hardly be expected from a body having any life in it. When he had loaded, not a savage was in sight, though he was certain that they were hidden within twenty feet of the bank, and most of them in the rushes close at hand. A silence of some moments then succeeded, Richard kept a sharp look-out, for he knew that with Indians silence means deviltry. Suddenly a fearful outbreak of yells was heard from below, which might have deceived a younger man in Indian tactics, but which only induced him to look persistently in another direction. His perseverance was rewarded. In a few moments he saw a number of clumps of rushes leave the shore and float toward the island. Clumps of rushes are very harmless things in themselves, and very often seen in southern rivers; but these were not so harmless in the eyes of the young man, since he knew that every one of them covered the head of an Indian. When the first one was within easy range, bearing down toward him apparently at the will of the current, he raised his rifle and sent a bullet into the floating mass in such a direction that if an Indian were concealed therein he could not fail to hit the rascal. The result of the shot was exactly what he expected. There was a violent splashing in the water for a moment, and an Indian, with blood flowing from a ghastly wound in the head, rose to the surface, and then sunk to rise no more. The ranger did not dally, but made haste to reload his rifle, and fired at the second floating clump, while Anote sent an arrow into another. This reception was somewhat warmer than was expected, and the water was dotted by a number of heads, the heads of Indians, swimming rapidly toward the bank from which they had come, one of them having Anote's arrow in his shoulder, and another bearing a deep red furrow along his cheek where the bullet of Richard had touched him in passing. The attempt, so far, had not been promising.

Echotee had lost two warriors and had two more wounded, who would not be able to do full duty. He began to chafe under the poor success of his plan, and to lay others, while on the island, Richard was holding the hand of Anote, and praising her for her brave bearing, while the beautiful eyes were downcast under a sense of the pleasure which *his* praise afforded. But the chief did not give them a long rest. Half

an hour passed and they saw a log push out from the shore upon which were laid bows, arrows and knives, a complete set of arms for ten warriors. It was a moment for desperate expedients. If these ten warriors landed, there was no hope. He took Cudjo's blunderbuss and put in a heavy charge of buckshot. By this time the log was in the midst of the current and swung around so that the heads of the Indians were exposed to view. At that instant Richard pulled the trigger. Every lead instantly disappeared, some of them never to rise again; but all in respectful deference to the prowess of the remarkable weapon of the negro. In sinking out of reach, they abandoned their hold upon the log, which floated away, taking with it their arms. There was nothing for the crest-fallen Indians to do but to swim back and go down the bank to attempt to recover their arms, in which they succeeded. The log was turned to the bank by an eddy nearly a mile away. Echotee saw that they could not succeed while they occupied one bank, so he divided his force and sent seven warriors high up the stream, out of reach of the weapons of the Heavy Hand, to cross to the opposite shore. This they did, and Richard found himself assailed from two sides. By this time the moon was down; he could no longer see distinctly, and feared that the savages would succeed. There was but one thing to do. The Indians had found other logs and pushed into the water together. Approaching the island cautiously, they found all quiet, and landed on the upper end. It was now very dark and they crept stealthily up the bank, satisfied that they had surprised the defenders. Once sure of their footing, they burst out into hideous yells of joy, to which their prey made no reply. The silence boded no good. The Indians began to fear that Richard was lying in wait, with the dreadful weapon which had swept them from the log, and was ready to send destruction through their ranks. Falling prostrate, they began to crawl stealthily toward the spot where they supposed he was lying. Ten minutes passed and they had crossed the island from end to end. As they came out together on the sandy point below, they saw the raft disappearing in the gloom, and Musgrove standing erect, holding the steering oar. He had waited until the savages had reached the island, and then pushed off the raft. Their yells of rage were answered

by a lusty shout, as the odd craft swept downward with the current, and a laugh as a useless volley of arrows was sent after them.

Cudjo, who had been in fearful terror through the whole fight, was exultant at the prospect of escape, and danced about the raft in such a manner that Richard, fearing that he would overturn or break their support, ordered him to lie down, which he was induced to do by the delicate persuasion of a moccasin applied to his ears. They floated on in silence between the banks, sometimes near the land, sometimes far off, until Richard was convinced by the sounds on either bank, that swift runners accompanied them in their course. These were two savages who had been warned by the cries of their fellows on the island, and hence had accompanied the fugitives on their course.

"I am afraid they will pick up a canoe somewhere. If they do, we shall have a struggle for the raft yet. Cudjo, you rascal, if it comes to a fight, don't let your cowardice keep you from fighting hard. Bear in mind that if they take you, they will probably flay you first, and burn you afterwards."

"What you mean by *flay*?" said the black, in a tone of ludicrous fear. "Don' know what you mean by dat, no how."

"*Skin* you, vulgarly speaking."

"Oh, Lord!" shouted Cudjo, bounding to his feet. "You's a-fo-lix' you is. I knows you, Marse Dick. You jest wants to scar' a poor ole nigger dat don't like Injuns. I don't want dem to come yere. Gim me dat paddle. You don't do nothin'g, you don't."

"Be quiet," said Richard in a tone of command. "I tell you this that you will understand that, if you save your life, you may have to fight for it. Can you hear them coming, Anote?"

"No," she answered. "They have stopped. Guess they find canoe."

"What will they do?"

"Wait till chief come up. Then chief take canoe and come after us. If he comes, must fight hard."

They floated on down the silent river, and in half an hour, just as the morning began to appear, the dip of a paddle was heard, and, at the same moment, a familiar sound, that of the waves washing upon the beach, was heard in the opposite

direction It was hard, so near the haven, to be overtaken by the enemy. Looking back, he saw a canoe coming toward them, impelled by two small paddles, while the chief sat erect in the bow, holding his weapons ready. The raft floated slowly out into the wide mouth of the river, in full view of the channel to Frederika, and of the masts of the Spanish fleet lying in the sound. Guiding the raft with the steering oar, Richard turned it into the channel. The canoe was now within hailing distance, and the chief called out to the young man to cease his efforts to escape, and yield. Richard saw the uselessness of further efforts, and by a vigorous use of the oar, caused the raft to swing round, facing the canoe with the barricade. Thrusting the steering oar into the yielding sand at the bottom, he secured the raft in this position, and taking up the rifle, he sent a shot through the head of the first man in the canoe, the shot passing close to the head of the chief, whom he did not wish to slay. Echotee gave the body a push; it dropped into the water of the channel, and was carried out of sight. Then, drawing his bow, he sent a shaft at Richard. The arrow struck one of the buttons on the breast of his coat and glanced, inflicting a painful but by no means dangerous wound. Cudjo, was a coward by nature, but when he saw that he must fight or die, he seized his blunderbuss and fired it at the approaching canoe. One of the three remaining Indians tumbled out of the canoe into the water.

"Man to man!" shouted the young man. "Take the little fellow, Cudjo. The chief and I are pledged to meet."

The canoe struck the raft and Echotee leaped on it, tomahawk in hand. Richard met him half way, and the battle commenced. In that fierce grapple, both forgot that they had ever been friends, or that the daughter of the chief stood with clasped hands, watching the varying fortunes of the fight. As usual in such cases, their first thought was a grapple, and each seized the wrist of the other's strong right hand, and struggled for the throw. In such a contest, the result could not be doubtful, for wrestling was a favorite amusement with the youth of that day, and Richard threw his enemy over the hip with such force that his tomahawk flew out of his hand. As Richard kneeled upon his breast, he looked up to see how Cudjo fared. The peculiar tactics of the negro had proved too much for the

savage. The moment his feet touched the raft, Cudjo lowered his head, and went at him with the force of a stone hurled from a ballista, and bowled him over on his head, notwithstanding a tremendous whack which he received on the cranium as he advanced. If the tomahawk had not turned in the Indian's hand, or if he had struck a more vulnerable point, it is probable that the injury might have been greater. But Cudjo had a remarkably hard head, and received the blow with great coolness, simply rubbing the injured part while he looked at the savage floundering in the water. Having done so much, Cudjo could think of nothing better to do than to stand idly by, and allow the Indian to climb upon the raft again. This was the position of affairs, when Richard looked up and saw Cudjo lowering his head for another dash. This time the Indian was prepared, and instead of striking him in front, darted suddenly aside and suffered the negro to pass, which he did with such swiftness that he plunged headlong into the water. Rising to the surface, he essayed to climb upon the raft, but did not find his antagonist so good-natured as he had been; for he knelt on the edge of the raft, and threatened Cudjo with death if he came near.

"Look 'ere, you!" cried Cudjo, blowing the water out of his mouth. "Dat ain't fa'r! I let you get back on de logs."

"S'pose you come here," said the Indian, threatening him with the hatchet, "and me kill and scalp."

"You's 'fraid ob me, dat you is—. Dat right! I takes back all I said 'bout you, Missee."

This exclamation was elicited by the fact that Anote had come behind the Indian as he knelt on the logs and pushed him into the water. He attempted to return, but she made a thrust at his throat with a broad arrow, which narrowly missed its aim. Cudjo climbed back to the logs, shouting to her to "shoot the big Injin." The savage, seeing that he could not return, hastened to the shore, where he set up a series of shrill yells, which were answered from the forest. In short the battle had been going on very near the camp of the Uchees. Hearing the cries, Richard knew that it was time for action. The chief was struggling hard, and still retained his hold upon the wrist of the young man. As he heard the cries he redoubled his exertions, and struggled to his knees.

It was that which sealed his fate. As he rose, the Indian sent an arrow from the shore, directed at Richard. It struck the chief behind the shoulder-blade, and the sharp point protruded through the flesh of his breast. Richard felt the strong grip relaxed, and loosed his own hold. As he did so, the Indian sunk down upon the logs, the red blood bubbling from his wound. Anote dropped on her knees beside him, and tried to take his hand. But he repulsed her.

"Touch me not!" he said proudly. "I am a true son of the forest, and I will not take the hand of one who has betrayed her people. What shouts do I hear?"

"It is the warriors of the Uchees," said Anote; "they are coming."

"Then leave my body where they can find it. Let them bury it as we bury our dead."

Richard whispered to Cudjo, and he took up the steering oar, and pushed the raft clean to the bank. Then Richard rose, and took Anote in his arms, and placed her on the shore. She would have staid by the dying chief, but he motioned her away, and rose slowly on one knee. Then, as the first of the warriors broke from the thicket, he answered their shouts with a resounding yell, fell back, and died.

CHAPTER XI

A CHECKMATE.

THE English gave up their design to attack the Spanish, as soon as it became known that Claude had deserted. It now became the study of Oglethorpe to destroy his credit, for if the enemy knew his weakness, he feared that they would attack him before the expected reinforcement came from Port Royal and Charleston. There was a Spanish prisoner in camp, who had been exchanged, and who was to return that day. Oglethorpe sent for him, and he was brought into his tent; a dark-browed, sullen-looking fellow.

"You are about to return to your friends," said Ogle-

thorpe. "I have a favor to ask at your hands. Will you do it?"

"Si, señor; if I am *paid*. I do no work for nothing."

"You shall ~~not~~ complain of the payment," said Oglethorpe, "if you do as I request. It is not much I ask. Do you know a person who deserted from us yesterday, a Frenchman, named Claude Provair?"

"I have heard of him," said the Spaniard.

"You think you can find him?"

"Yes."

"Do so, and give him this letter, and these ten gold pieces will repay you. Do you promise?"

"Si, señor," replied the Spaniard, clutching the money eagerly. "Give me the letter?"

"Bear in mind," said the general, "that this letter must not be seen by any one else. If it fell into the hands of the Spaniards, it would do us great harm. I trust to your honor not to show it to any one else."

An evil smile came upon the face of the Spaniard, and he muttered something to himself in a low voice. Oglethorpe pretended not to hear him, and dismissed him. Shortly after, he was sent out of camp, under the escort of a number of rangers, and set at liberty near the Spanish camp. No sooner was he there than he sought Costello, whom he found pacing to and fro outside his tent. He had just received a rebuff from Katie. The sight of the Spaniard did not help to lessen his anger, for he reminded him of that bloody battle with the rangers of Barden, in which he had been so signally worsted.

"I have a word with you, captain," said the returned prisoner. "I think you will like to hear it."

"Speak on, Pedro," replied Costello, sharply. "Don't keep me waiting."

"Is the Frenchman in the camp?"

"What Frenchman?"

"Claude Provair."

"Certainly; what of him?"

"He is here as a spy; his desertion was all a pretense. I believe that he sent us into that ambuscade where I was taken."

“Why do you think so?”

“I was paid not to tell.”

“How much?”

“Ten pieces of gold.”

“Tell me your secret, and if it is worth the money you shall have fifteen.”

“Give me the money now and you shall have the secret.”

“Take the money,” said the other. “But if your secret is not worth knowing, I will find a way to make you discharge it.”

“This is the secret: If he is not a deserter, why did this cursed Oglethorpe pay me ten gold pieces to put a letter into his hand?”

“Did he do so?”

Pedro took out the letter of Oglethorpe and held it up so that Costello could see the superscription. He darted forward and snatched it from his hand.

“This is suspicious,” said he. “You say he bribed you to deliver this letter to the Frenchman?”

“Si, señor; gave me ten pieces. You have given me fifteen. I am doing well. I shall buy out my services and set up for a gentleman.”

“Silence, fellow!” thundered Costello. “This matter is doubly suspicious. This letter must go to the general. Go to your quarters; and if you breathe a word of what you have heard and seen I will have you flogged. Do you understand?”

“Si, señor. I am not fool enough to get my back in danger for something which will give me no pay.”

Costello entered the marquée of the Spanish commander unannounced, and found him reading a letter. He looked up as the young agent entered.

“By Saint Michael!” he said, “you are the very man I wish to see. Do you know that the young lady you are keeping so carefully in your tent has written me a letter, asking me, by my knightly honor, to set her at liberty? You have placed me in a bad situation. I think, since you can not win her, it were better to set her free.”

“I will kill her first,” said Costello, savagely. “The stubborn girl shall do as I require. You must not interfere.”

"While you confine yourself to words I shall not. But I give you my word that if you use force I shall be obliged to show my power."

"You are my superior officer while I retain my present rank. If you interfere I shall resign. See to it that you do not make me angry. But I did not come here to bandy words with you in regard to her. I have something here which goes to show that we have done wrong to trust this Frenchman, Claude Provaire."

"What do you mean?"

Costello laid the letter before his superior, and told him how it was procured. The general broke the seal and read the following, in the clear, firm writing of Oglethorpe :

"I have first to caution you that you make proper use of your assumed character. Do not be scant in belittling my forces. Tell them that we have no more than eight hundred men. When they hear *that* they will doubtless attack us, a thing which we earnestly desire. You shall tell them that, by attacking us now, they shall have us at an advantage, for all our forces are not yet in. But, by all means, if you can not induce them to attack us—and I doubt they lack heart to do that—at least persuade them to remain on the island for three days, for be it known to you that in that time a fleet will come from Charleston, with a strong reinforcement. If they will only remain, we shall, without doubt, take them prisoners and capture their ships. You must not tell them this, but make them think us very weak indeed. I have to give you praise for the excellent manner in which you have carried out the deception, since they believe you to be a deserter. I regard you as a prince of deceit, and when we meet again, be sure I will reward you in a proper manner. I have strong hopes that the Spaniards will delay, and if they do, and our fleet does its duty, St. Augustine will be ours. Tear this letter as soon as read. I have sent it by this trusty fellow, who has faithfully promised to put it into your hands. JAMES OGLETHORPE."

As Oglethorpe expected, this piece of deception perplexed the Spaniards sorely. Upon reading it, the Spanish general dispatched a guard, who brought the Frenchman into his presence. Provaire was shown the letter, and accused of playing the part of a spy. The skillful web which was drawn about him was too much for him; he stammered in broken sentences, denying all in such a manner that those who believed the letter were confirmed in their suspicions.

He was removed, strongly guarded, and a council of war was called. It was found that the council was divided. A large part, with the general, were of the opinion that St. Augustine was in danger, and advised an immediate return to its defense. But a larger portion—among whom Costello was prominent—regarded the letter as a deception.

While they were consulting, a young officer, who had left the tent for a moment, rushed in again, crying, "The English fleet!"

They hurried out and saw, far out on the distant horizon, three sails gleaming out against the sky. These were three small trading vessels, but the fears of the Spaniards made them the forerunners of the great fleet sweeping down upon them.

It was determined to attack Oglethorpe at Frederika before the British fleet could arrive. All was confusion in the camp. Officers hurried here and there getting their troops in order, and in two hours the whole force was in motion, marching northward. The scouts of Oglethorpe, seeing the movement, at once hurried back to inform him of the coming column, and he prepared to meet it. The Spanish officer, still deceived by the letter, marched on as if about to attack an army of at least the size of his own. At length he reached a place where a road had been cut through a deep marsh. In this marsh Oglethorpe posted his Indian allies, three hundred in number. These were instructed to fire until pushed out of their position by the Spanish arquebusiers, and then to retire. It acted like a charm. The Spanish, upon entering the marsh, were received by a destructive fire from the Indians and the rangers of Barden, which caused great confusion in their ranks. At the same time Oglethorpe caused a company of his regiment to be marched and countermarched across an open piece of ground in full view of the Spanish general, who occupied a commanding position during the fight. He was too far away to detect the deception, and supposed that the reinforcement of Oglethorpe must have come by land. Below, his men were being cut up by the fire of the Indians, and were fighting bravely.

At a signal from Oglethorpe, three blasts of a bugle, the Indians retired, and the Spaniards advanced. A few paces further

on they were met by a tremendous fire from a masked battery of four guns, which Oglethorpe had set in the marsh. At the same moment the riflemen began a heavy fire, under which the Spaniards recoiled in confusion and dismay. Their general did his best; Costello raged like a lion over the bloody field; but in vain. In leading a charge against the battery, he fell. Ere long the Spaniards retreated in disorder to their ships, and embarked in great haste, leaving their guns and ammunition behind them. On their way south they attacked Fort William, and lost two of their ships. Deeply mortified, they sailed to St. Augustine, and the commander returned to Havana, where he was dismissed from the service in disgrace. After the battle, the anxious Barden made his way into the Spanish camp, and in the tent of Costello found Katie. That she was overjoyed to escape we may well assume. They started at once for Frederika. As they passed through the marsh they were startled by a groan and a call for help in the bushes. Thrusting the rank grasses aside with his hand, Barden saw a man lying on his face. Lifting him in his arms he carried him out into the open road. It was Costello. A grape-shot had struck him in the breast and passed through the right lung. A single glance convinced the ranger that he could not live half an hour; yet he tried to stanch the flowing blood. Costello looked up.

"The triumph is yours," he said. "Have our men got to their ships?"

"They have," said Barden; "but try to think of something else. You are dying, man; you have not half an hour of life in you."

"Then let me spend it as I choose. Where is the girl for whose sake I lie bleeding to-day? Where is Katherine Musgrove?"

"She is here," he replied. "What do you wish with her? You have done her wrong enough without adding to it in your death hour."

"What is that to you, fellow? Do you know to whom you are speaking? I am Manuel Costello, and heir to the title of a count. Do you dare to bandy words with me?"

"Katherine is here," said Barden, not noticing the rudeness

of the wounded man. "She shall speak for herself; I will go aside while you talk with her."

"Wait; do you think I must die?"

"There is no hope for you."

"Then take my hand, old soldier. Thou art a brave man, and I have been your enemy. Brave men should forget injuries in times like these; say you forgive me for what I have done."

"I blame you not," said Barden. "I serve the English side; you serve the Spanish. We have done our best, and the time has come for you to finish your work. I have no enmity with you beyond this."

"Well said! Thy hand. There. Go aside, for I have a few words to say to Katherine Musgrove."

Barden led Katie forward and then returned. The dying man looked at her with a sort of mournful tenderness. She knelt beside him and raised his dying head upon her knee.

"I am sorry for you," she said.

"Sorry! Can you say that you feel sorrow for one who has injured you so deeply? It is strange. Yet I am not so bad as you would think. I knew that the Indians meant to make a descent upon the settlers, and I feared for you. I thought, too, if I had you in my power, I might in some way excite your love. I told you once before that I had seen you. It was one summer, four years ago, when I was going down the river to Savannah, on a mission from the Governor at St. Augustine, where I saw you with your brother. I said to myself, 'I will have that girl for my wife.' Often after that I used to make business for myself down the river where I could see you, and every time I loved you more. It is strange that I, who had been successful with the fair in my own country, should have feared to speak to you."

"I am very sorry," she said, in a gentle tone.

"Thank you. I am dying. I wish to say to you what I have said to the ranger. Will you forgive me for what I have done?"

"I forgive you freely," said Katie. "Do not think of it. Think of your soul."

"I have a little time. Where is your brother? Has he kept out of the hands of the chief? I heard that he followed

us from the river. The chief was watching for him, and if he was taken, I dare not think what his fate has been."

"Barden will know where he is. We have been together only a few moments, and he has not spoken of it. Let me call him."

"Not yet. Do you forgive me for the wrong I have done you? I threatened you."

"Never mind that now. I have forgiven you entirely. As you truly said, we have no enmity with the dying or the dead. You did not mean so great a wrong as you threatened."

"You are an angel," he said, fervently. "Call the ranger."

Barden came up. There was a suspicious moisture in the corner of his eye. The brave man had a heart, and the brave bearing of the dying man touched him. In reply to the inquiries in regard to Richard, he said that he had come in that morning, in company with the Indian girl and Cudjo.

"How did he escape the chief?" asked the dying man. "I thought he was watching."

"He did not escape him," said Barden, solemnly. "They met and fought. The chief was killed. As I live, here comes Richard and the Indian girl."

"Did *he* kill the chief?"

"No; a chance arrow from one of the Uchees struck him. Ah, Richard, good-day. You remember Manuel Costello? He is here, and badly wounded."

"Dying," said Costello. "I thank God that all my evil schemes have fallen to the ground. You are all safe. I reproach myself still, that I lured the chief into the conspiracy, which has ended in his destruction. Raise me a little, Barden. Every thing grows dim about me; a mist rises before my eyes. Good-by all. My battles are fought; the strife of my life is ended."

They laid him down, and Richard said, "He is dead!"

"It has been a dreadful week, dear Richard!"

She threw herself into his arms, and burst into a passion of tears, the first she had shed since her abduction by the man at their feet.

They buried Costello near the spot where he had fallen, and the place is now known as "Bloody Marsh." The settlers

used to point, for many years, to the burial-ground, and tell the story of the bloody repulse which the Spaniards had suffered.

The power of the Uchees was completely broken by the death of their chief. The day after the defeat of the Spaniards, Barden crossed to the mainland, attacked, and nearly exterminated them. Richard was with him; the battle had raged a long time, and the Indians were flying in all directions, when he became separated from the rest of the troops. While standing by himself, he was suddenly assaulted by two Indians, who had been watching him through the battle. He had just time to look about him, and to satisfy himself that no help was near, when they rose upon him. The first was Occoonce, who had been one of the survivors in the fight for the island.

"Ah, ah, Yengee!" he shouted. "Occoonce has sworn to drink the blood of a dog. His people are scattered; but before he dies, he will destroy the man who has destroyed the Uchees."

"Keep back!" cried Richard, flourishing his rifle over his head. "You advance to your death. Back, I say!"

Occoonce laughed hoarsely, and they closed. As the smaller of the two Indians approached, Dick gave him a kick which sent him rolling over and over like a ball, and struck at Occoonce at the same time. He dodged the blow, and they grappled and struggled for the throw. Of course Occoonce was thrown, but in falling he wound himself about the young man's limbs in such a way that he also fell, grasping his antagonist by the throat as he did so. At the same moment he caught sight of the smaller Indian sneaking up to strike at him with a hatchet, but painfully alive to the necessity of keeping clear of the merciless heels of the white man. As he came near enough Richard shot out his right hand and seized him by the throat in a vice-like grasp, while holding Occoonce with his left. So sudden was the movement, that the savage was only in time to strike a glancing blow at the arm which seized him, inflicting a slight wound. Richard tightened his grasp and dragged the fellow to the earth. In falling, he struck his head so severely against the ground as to become senseless. Occoonce was not idle during this

interlude, but wrested himself free and drew his knife. Richard sprung to his feet, dodged the blow, and drew his own knife. He knew that Occoonnee was one of the most desperate fighters in the Indian nation, celebrated for his wonderful endurance.

“Aha!” he said, “the Yengee shall die.”

He now commended circling around the young settler, awaiting a favorable moment to dash in. Richard watched his opponent keenly, but the attack the savage made took even him by surprise. Taking his knife by the point, Occoonnee threw it with unerring aim straight at the heart of Richard. There was not time to elude it, and he did the most natural thing, threw out his arm to ward off the blow. The keen steel struck the forearm, passed through and pinned it to his breast. Snatching out the knife, he threw it back with all his force. The Indian had uttered a yell of delight, and bent forward to witness the effect of the wound. The young ranger’s act took him entirely by surprise, and he, in turn, could not elude it. The bloody blade whirled twice in the air, and buried itself in the brown breast. Occoonnee staggered to the river and looked back at his enemy, with his hand upon the hilt of the knife.

“The Great Spirit calls for his child. White man, I go. Touch me not. I sing my death-song.”

He broke out into a wild chant, his eyes rolling fiercely. Then tearing the knife from the wound, he dashed headlong into the river, and disappeared from view.

All was over. The Uchees were scattered to the four winds, their chiefs slain, and in small parties they made their way back to their villages.

There is little more to tell. Richard sent Anote to a school in Charleston, where she was educated in the manners of the English and the Christian religion. Two years after, she was married to him in the old Church at Charleston, and baptized in the Christian faith, receiving the name of Mary. From this union some of the best families in South Carolina have sprung.

Barden still kept to his old life. He did good service in the battles of the young colonies of South Carolina and Georgia. Though not given to boasting, he delighted in recounting

the adventures of those perilous four weeks. He was a frequent visitor at Musgrove's plantation, where he was a welcome guest, and instructed Richard's boy in woodcraft. When he grew older he came to live with them, though he could not be induced to remain quietly on the plantation, but made frequent excursions into the forest, and revisited the places where so many eventful days had been passed.

Cudjo's wonderful prowess in the pursuit of Costello enabled him to crow over his sable compatriot, Pete, to whom had been confided the inglorious office of conducting Mr. Musgrove to Port Royal. A reference to the time when "he was in the army" would shut up Pete at once.

Richard, at the solicitation of Katie, found the body of Naoman and gave it Christian burial, as his brave death deserved.

Katie married the young captain and took up her residence in Charleston. Twice a year she visited her brother on his plantation.

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DIME LUDICROUS SPEAKER, No. 14.

Courting, Higher, The closing year, The maniac's defense, The hen scratches, Ass and the violinist, Views of married life, Bachelors and girls, Job's turkey, A hardshell sermon, My first knife, Der Loddery Dicket, A canni-ballad,	Woman's rights, What's the matter, Mrs. Jones' pirate, De goose, Touch of the sublime, Bleoded Van Snootie, Blast against tobacco, Tobacco boys, Big geniuses, My first cigar, Terrible t'-tale, Silver wedding, Probelishon,	Unlucky, Queer people, Biting one's nose off, Golden rules, The singular man, Fourth of July oration, Cheer up, Self-esteem, Buckwheat cakes, Twain's little boy, A word with you, A chemical lament, The candy-pulling,	Contentment, On courting, On laughing, The tanner boy, On winnemen's rights, The healer, The criminal lawyer, Ballad of Matilda Jane, Water, The ballad of a baker, Good for something, A moving sermon.
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KARL PRETZEL'S KOMIKAL SPEAKER, No. 15.

Schandal, Don'd been afraid, Gamboling, Indemembrance, Gretchen und me go ond Hope. Das ish vat it ish, "Dot musquiter," Leedle gal-child's dream Dhere vas no crying, Leedle speedchea, Pells, pells, The puzzled Dutchman,	Address to a school, His sphera, Translations from Esop. The treachery of Jones, Don't call a man a liar, Man. A lecture, Bu'st. A "dialect," Simon Short's son Sam, Reckermember der poor, Natural history views, The cart before the horse To see ourselves,	Sorrowful tale, The loaders' society. It's the early bird, etc., Music, On lager beer, Candle's wedding-day, Dot young viddow, The best cow in peril, Frequent critters, In for the railroad, Song of the sink, Case of young Bangs,	The Illinois Assembly, The cannibal man, Boss Bagshaw, Pretzel as a soldier, The raccoon, My childhood, Schneider's ride, Boy suffrage, Gardening, He vas dhinkin', Abner Jones' testimony, By a money changer's.
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DIME YOUTH'S SPEAKER, No. 16.

A call to the field, To retailers, War, war to the death, Adjuration to duty, The crusader's appeal, A boy's testimony, I have drank my last, The spirit-siren, Rum's maniac, Life is what we make it, Taste not,	The evil beast, Help, The hardest lot of all, The curse of rum, The two dogs—a fable, The source of reform, The rum fiend, True law and false, In bad company, The only true nobility, The inebriate's end,	A drunken soliloquy, The work to do, To labor is to pray, The successful life, Better than gold, Seed-time and harvest, Invocation to cold water Now, The great lesson to learn The toper's lament, God's liquor,	Value of life work, "Accept the situation," Died of whisky, A story with a moral, Breakers ahead, Ichabod Sly, Effects of intemperance, The whisky why is it, Local option, Be good to the body, Worth makes the man.
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THE DIME ELOQUENT SPEAKER, No. 17.

An adjuration, The kings of business, Purity of speech, Parson Caldwell, Value of reputation, Haud that rocks world, Swelling manhood, Summer, Woman's love, The bricklayers, Words of silver, Drive on! drive on! The tramp, The State immortal,	The moral factor, Walking with the world The only safety, Knowledge, Be careful what you say Stand by the constitt'n, A true friend, The mocking-bird, The want of the country The value of virtue, She would be a mason, Evils of ignorance, The use of time, Come down,	Anatomical lecture, Minnetunkce, The printing press, The Sabbath, Busybodies, Anatomical lecture 2, A blow in the dark, The specter caravan, The true saviors, True farge, Something to shun, Plea for Ireland, Smile whene'er you can, The wood of stars,	A thought, The housemaid, The goblin cat, Aristocrats, The knightly newsboy, A call to vote, The modern fraud, Running for legislature, To a young man, Heads, The new dispensation, Turning the griststone, Short sermon.
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THE DIME CENTENNIAL SPEAKER, No. 18.

Columbia, Washington, Appeal for liberty, The American hero, Resistance to oppression Patriotism, Green Mountain boys, Eloquence of Otis, Washington, America must be free, Freedom the only hope, Day of disenthralment, No alternative but lib'y Carmen bellicosum, Sword of Bunker Hill,	The Fourth of July, Warren's address, A call to liberty, Good faith, Revolutionary soldiers, Our responsibility, British barbarity, How freedom is won, Adams and liberty, Our duties, Our destiny; The American flag, The true union, American independence Washington & Franklin	Sink or swim, The buff and blue, The union, The martyr spy, Lexington, Our only hope, Declaration of In'ep'e, The liberty bell, Washington's attributes What we are, Our great trust, God bless our States, Looking backward, M'rien and his men, Liberty and union,	A noble plea, Original Yankee Doodle Wo fe's address, Watchi g for Montg'y, The national ensign, God save th union, Our natal day, The 22d of February, N w E gland's dead, Repeal! repeal! The true hero, Old Ironsides, Our gifts to history, Uncle S'm's a hundred Centennial oration.
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DIME DIALECT SPEAKER, No. 23.

<p> Dat's wat's de matter, The Miss issippi miracle, Ven te tide cooms in, D-mo lams vot Mary haf got, Pat O'Flaherty on wo- man's rights, The home rulers, how they "spakes," Hezekiah Dawson on Mothers-in-law, He didn't sell the farm, The true story of Frank- lin's kids, I would I were a boy again, A pathetic story, </p>	<p> All about a bee, Scandal, A dark side view, Te pesser vay, On learning German, Mary's shmall vite lamb A healthy discourse, Tobias so to speak, Old Mrs. Grimes, parody, Mars and cats, Bill Underwood, pilot, Old Granley, The pill peddler's ora- tion, Vidder Green's last words, </p>	<p> Latest Chinese outrage, The manifest destiny of the Irishman, Peggy McCann, Sprays from Josh Bil lings, De circumstances ob de sitiuation, Dar's nuffin new under de sun, A Negro religious poem, That violin, Picnic delights, Our candidate's views, Dundreary's wisdom, Plain language by truth- ful Jane, </p>	<p> My neighbor's dogs, Condensed Mythology, Pictus, The Nereides, Legends of Attica, The stove-pipe tragedy A doketor's drubbles, The coming man, The illigant affair at Muldoon's, That little baby round the corner, A genewine inference, An invitation to the bird of liberty, The crow, Out west. </p>
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DIME DIALOGUES No. 26.

<p> Poor cousins. Three ladies and two gentlemen. Mountains and mole-hills. Six ladies and several spectators. A test that did not fail. Six boys. Two ways of seeing things. Two little girls. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. Four ladies and a boy. All is fair i love and war. 3 ladies, 2 gentlemen. How uncle Josh got rid of the legacy. Two males, with several transformations. </p>	<p> The lesson of mercy. Two very small girls. Practice what you preach. Four ladies. Politician. Numerous characters. The canvassing agent. Two males and two females. Grub. Two males. A slight scare. Three females and one male. Embodi-d sunshine. Three young ladies. How Jim Peters died. Two males. </p>
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DIME DIALOGUES No. 27.


<p> Patsey O'Dowd's campaign. For three males and one female. Hasty inferences not always just. Numerous boys. Discontented Annie. For several girls. A double surprise. Four males and one female. What was it? For five ladies. What will cure them? For a lady and two boys. Independent. For numerous characters. Each season the best. For four boys. Tried and found wanting. For several males. A toy's plot. For several characters. </p>	<p> The street girl's good angel. For two ladies and two little girls. "That ungrateful little nigger." For two males. If I had the money. For three little girls. Appearances are deceitful. For several ladies and one gentleman. Love's protest. For two little girls. An enforced cure. For several characters. Those who preach and those who perform. For three males. A gentle conquest. For two young girls. </p>
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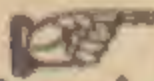
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